Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Exhibitions---1872.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, in connection with the Penobscot County, Penobscot Poultry and Bangor Horticultural Societies, at Bangor, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

County Exhibitions.

AROOSTOOK, at Houlton, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.

CUMBERLAND, at Bridgton, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1st and 2d.

FRANKLIN, at Farmington, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1st and 2d.

NORTH FRANKLIN, at Phillips, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9th and 10th.

NORTH PENOBSCOT, at Lee, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

NORTH KNOX, at Warren, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.

SOMERSET, at Skowhegan, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.

WEST SOMERSET, at North Anson, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1st and 2d.

WASHINGTON, at Pembroke, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th and 26th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

WEST OXFORD, at Fryeburg, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.

WEST PENOBSCOT, at Exeter, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.

EAST SOMERSET, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 10th and 11th.

WEST PISCATAQUIS, at Monson Village, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th and 26th.

EASTERN KENNEBEC, at South China, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.

SAGADAHOC, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 8th, 9th and 10th.

KNOX, at Rockland, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th.

ANDROSCOGGIN, at Mechanics Falls, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th and 26th.

PISCATAQUIS CENTRAL, at Foxcroft, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

EAST OXFORD, at Canton Point, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.

Exhibitions of Farmers' Clubs.

BRISTOL, at Bristol Mills, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st, 2d and 3d.

MONMOUTH, at the Town House, Wednesday, Oct. 9th.

MAINE STATE FAIR.

Special Notice to Exhibitors.

Entries of Live Stock, applications for Premium Lists, and all letters of enquiry, concerning the Maine State Fair, to be held at Bangor, Sept. 17th—20th, may be addressed to

D. M. DUNHAM, *Assistant Sec'y*,
Bangor, Me.

Now for Bangor!

Before this number of our paper reaches its readers, the election will have past, and the political questions that have received so much attention during the last few months—settled by the voice of the people—will have ceased to draw that interest which they have. It is well for farmers to be interested in State and National affairs, for it is the farmers and working men of our State whose votes control the elections; and it is well too,—as is invariably the case—that their real interest in politics, generally, ceases when they have exercised the right of suffrage, and discharged the responsibility of casting their votes for the candidate of their choice. But their interest in whatever relates to the present or future welfare of their business, in the success of that which promotes their material prosperity, and in the improvement or increase of the means for performing their work easily and expeditiously—should on no account be suffered to flag. It must be kept up, for upon it depends in a great measure the success of the business in which they are engaged. And among the agencies directly calculated to promote this object are fairs, societies and associations organized for united effort in the work of agricultural and industrial improvement. State agricultural and industrial fairs are held each year in almost every State in the Union, and in very many States these two interests are now so large that it is necessary to hold two fairs devoting one to each of the above classes. County, town and district fairs are also held all over the country. And these fairs, instead of lessening in numbers, or decreasing in interest, are constantly growing in number and increasing in interest and attractiveness and usefulness each year. The attendance of the people upon these fairs is also annually increasing, thus showing them to be demanded as a means of recreation—a general holiday for the masses of the community. As practical educators to the farmer, fruit grower, stock breeder, mechanic and artisan, they are of great value—furnishing a means of study and comparison not found anywhere else. Exhibitors carry choice animals and specimens of their production or workmanship to fairs; and men who wish to study and compare the differences, the merits and points of superiority of one over the other, as a matter of their own personal proficiency and education—will visit fairs where these advantages are to be secured. State fairs are more useful in this particular than county fairs—for they are more select in their contributions, higher in character, present objects requiring nicer discrimination in judgment, and as a consequence are a means of the "higher education" so to speak, of farmers and artisans. In the farmers' practical education they occupy relatively the same position that the higher institutions of learning do in our system of popular education.

Such a means for the education and advancement of our own people is soon to occur in the exhibition of the State Agricultural Society which opens at Bangor on Tuesday of next week, 17th inst., continuing until Friday the 20th. For this exposition of our agricultural and industrial interests, great preparations have been and are being made. Of these our readers have from time to time been apprised, and we need not allude to them again. It is sufficient to say that they are more complete than has been the case at any State Fair for years, as all our readers will unite with us in saying, when they come to see them. It now remains for our farmers, breeders, orchardists, housewives, and mechanics of every kind to assist in making up this fair, and in competing for the very liberal prizes offered for specimens of almost every industry of our people. The programme embraces a great variety of attractions for all classes who will be in attendance, and we ask our readers, especially all residing in Eastern Maine to turn out *en masse* on this holiday occasion of the farmers of the State. The election is over, the country is no doubt safe—ho! then for Bangor! Be there next week not only in person, but with your families, and better still—with contributions to some department of the Fair.

Short Horns and Jerseys.

U. S. Robbins has recently bought from the herd of Elijah Wadsworth of Livermore, a pure blood Durham bull and heifer for his farm at Winthrop. He milks six Jersey cows, and believes in Jerseys for butter and Short Horns for beef, and thinks Dr. Holmes, in introducing Jerseys in the Kennebec valley, and Jesse Wadsworth in introducing Durhams in Androscoggin, were benefactors to the farmers of those regions.

Farm Labor.

There is no question at the present time of more vital importance to the farmer, than is that of labor. By this is not meant farm labor exclusively; for all labor, whether that of the mechanic, the manufacturer, the laborer, or the farmer and his farm help, is closely related, and whatever conditions affect the one, sooner or later are felt by the other. It is, however, labor in its relations to the farm and its income of which we propose to speak at this time.

Farmers, even if blessed with average crops, are not highly prosperous. Perhaps we should omit that qualifying word, and say they are not prospering. This is not confined to the State of Maine, and therefore cannot be wholly attributed to the short crops of the last two years. There is manifest a feeling of despondence among producers all over the country. This crops out in leading communications in the agricultural press and is made manifest at all meetings where the interests of the farmer are under consideration.

Farming does not flourish unless men make it a business. Enterprising, capable men will not in any considerable numbers engage in it, unless they can, when all things are considered, keep pace with men in other kinds of business. They are not doing this at the present time, nor can they do it under existing conditions. Chief among these conditions is the present quality of farm laborers and the price demanded for their labor. Labor is high the country over. We would not reduce it in the least, for we wish the laborer elevated to the highest possible standard in the scale of humanity. We are glad to believe, as we fully do, that there is no prospect of laborers ever being degraded as a class, and just as little prospect of the price which they are receiving for their labor ever being essentially and permanently reduced. The tendency is to higher prices for services rendered rather than lower. This we may confiden tly look for, and must base calculations on future operations from this standard. Just here is where the question bears upon the farmer. In this State there never has been a year when there was so little help available to the farmers, and there has been no year when it bore so high a price. The drain upon us for help from other States, and our own shops and manufactories, now happily multiplying, have absorbed the principal surplus, and have left little for our farms. The foreign population so numerous in many agricultural towns in other States, is found here only in our large manufacturing towns, and therefore is not available to country farmers. Many enterprising farmers would like to improve their farms and extend their operations, but are crippled from want of help. They dare not branch out for extensive farming because of the difficulty of securing the needed help.

The lack of female help for the household is as great as that of male help for the out door operations, and even greater. We believe that "farming as a business" is dwarfed more by the scarcity of female help, than by that of male. The wife of the farmer is already taxed to the extent of endurance in caring for the wants of her own family. Enlarging it therefore by the employment of men for extending the operations of the farm is simply out of the question unless the needed female help can be secured. Many of the girls are well educated, and are away teaching. Others are at the stores, shops, and factories, earning more than than the farmer thinks he can afford to pay them. That is, he is willing to pay their price to help over a present emergency, but prospects will not warrant him in basing operations on the necessity of paying the price their labor commands in other directions. Of course the labor principally goes where it commands the best pay, and the farmer's operations are dwarfed thereby.

Thus we get a view of our present condition, and of the attitude of labor and the farmer. The farmer is feeling the burden of taxation quite heavily—probably more than any other class of people—and is overpowered by combinations and monopolies which alone he is powerless to control. Therefore "farming as a business" is not paying as well as it ought. A Vermont dairy farmer says he has $15,000 invested in his farm and dairy, and with the present price of labor and of products cannot make over two per cent. on his capital. This is the experience of many farmers in Maine. Hence the business is crippled, dwarfed, and held back, by the present condition of labor. Farming they love, farming they would choose to follow, but they are placed in the following attitude:—they must farm in a small way, doing only what can be done by themselves and their families, or they must pay the price for laborers, male and female, which those laborers command in other employments. This they cannot do to any great extent at the present time.

Ambitious men are not satisfied with small operations—just what they can do with their own hands. They wish to invest some capital in their business and to receive an income from that as well as from their labor. If the present relations of labor with the farm do not admit of this, then he is driven from the farm to other business. Many smart men and men of capital are from this cause being driven from the farm into other business—not from any dislike of farming, but because the present relation of labor and capital to the farm does not admit of his ambition being gratified.

We are not alluding to this condition of things in a croaking spirit at all—we dislike growlers and grumblers and would not encourage them in their shadowy views of farming. But it is well to look our position squarely in the face and see our exact standing. If we find all is right then we may safely continue in the course we are pursuing, but if all is not right then let us see it and go to work to make it right.

Everything plainly indicates that we need not expect labor to be any lower; and, this being the case, we shall look in vain for it to be plentier on the farm or in the house till we hold out a price which will retain them here. Can we do this? Can we so modify our system of farming—can we so conduct our operations, as to employ high price labor, and not only receive our money again from the labor employed, but also realize a profit in the operation? These are questions which should receive the careful consideration of every intelligent farmer and also of all others who are interested in the welfare and prosperity of the farmers of our State.

TALL CORN. Mr. E. B. Williams, a resident of the east side, this city, brings to our office a stalk of sweet corn from his garden, measuring fourteen feet and one half inch high. Much of that in his garden, twelve feet high, has two and three ears to each stalk.

State Fair at Bangor.

MAINE FARMER HEADQUARTERS.

In addition to our Special Reporter, who will make a thorough and careful report of the leading features of the State Fair at Bangor next week, our publishers have also made arrangements to have a business representative of the MAINE FARMER upon the Fair Grounds, who will receive subscriptions and payments for the paper, and who will be pleased to receive a call from all subscribers and friends of the paper. Let our friends call at the MAINE FARMER HEADQUARTERS, near the entrance to the Fair Grounds.

Arrangements for the State Fair.

The Fair Grounds at Bangor are completed and in readiness for stock.

Thus far, the entries in the live stock departments have been fully as numerous as at any previous State Fair, at this period in advance of its opening.

The Prize Military Drill takes place the first day of the Fair, and will form a most attractive feature of the opening exercises.

The evening discussions to which all farmers are invited, will take place in the Supreme Court Room, Hammond Street, *not* State Street, as printed in the Schedule of Premiums.

Most of the railroad and steamboat companies in the State will transport stock and articles for the exhibition free, and passengers at half fare. Exhibitors pay freight one way at the time of shipment, and on returning the same is refunded by the station agent at the place from which the freight was shipped.—Shippers take the risk of transportation.

We believe this is the arrangement of the in-door departments of the exhibition, or fair proper: Norombega Hall, general display of manufactured goods, hardware, fancy articles, domestic products, &c.; City Hall, vegetables, farm and dairy products; Wigwam, fruits and flowers. Entry clerks will be in attendance at each place, to receive articles and give checks for the same. The Halls are in charge of Hon. Rufus Prince, Superintendent of Halls, and application for space should be made to him.

The assignment of stalls upon the grounds, letting of tent lots, and all other matters connected with the grounds are in charge of Hon. Warren Percival, Gen'l Sup't.

At the entrance to the Fair Grounds, is the office of the Secretary, where Entry Clerks will be in attendance on Monday, 16th inst., to attend to the business of entries.

The headquarters of the Society in the city are at the PENOBSCOT EXCHANGE, where the President, Secretary, and Trustees may be found.

The Skowhegan Meeting.

We copy below so much of the programme of announcement for the autumn session of the Board of Agriculture at Skowhegan, just received from Mr. Secretary Goodale, as is of public interest. The opening paragraph contains an idea about which we have endeavored to throw out some allusions in an article in another place; and we hope the discussion of the same at Skowhegan—where we anticipate a large attendance of farmers—will be the means of eliminating some new light upon the subject that will assist in guiding the farmer out of his present embarassments. The circular says:

"A leading subject which will be treated in essays and discussions at this season is: Whether the changes which have been made in farm practice within the last ten to twenty years, in this State, are such as fully correspond to the changes which have taken place, during that period, in the circumstances and conditions under which Agriculture is pursued; taking into account combined price of labor, price of products, markets, competition by reason of western grown farm products, condition of soil and available means of fertilization and improvement thereof, the natural advantages possessed by different localities for pursuing some special branch of farming, defects in present methods, and, in short, any and all matters which bear upon this general topic and which may help toward improvement in agriculture and enhanced profits to farmers.

Lectures and essays, to be followed by discussions, may also be expected upon a wide range of other topics. A portion of the students of the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, will take part in the exercises by illustrating the character of the studies and the methods of study pursued at that Institution. Invitations have been extended to distinguished cultivators in other States to be present and aid in its success.

Skowhegan, on the Kennebec River, surrounded by a fertile and prosperous agricultural country, is the present terminus of the Somerset branch of the Maine Central Railroad. Passengers from other sections coming by rail connect at Kendall's Mills. Free return tickets will be furnished to those who come over the principal railroads of the State for the purpose of attending the session. A reduction from the usual rates of hotel charges, to those who attend, has been promised. Farmers throughout the State are invited to attend. Special invitation is extended to all the Farmers'Clubs in the State to be present by their delegates and members.

Propositions presented in regard to the place of holding the coming winter or next autumn session should embrace as definite statements as possible of the inducements offered. The more important of these are, 1. Probability of large attendance of interested, practical farmers; 2. The furnishing of a suitable place for assemblage; 3. Sufficient hotel accommodations with moderate charges."

Editorial Notes.

The communication of Mr. Secretary Goodale, in our present number, in reference to the formation of a society of fruit culturists, and the points to be embraced in the fruit discussion at Skowhegan next month—will have a ready and attentive perusal from every reader interested in the subject to which it relates. If the meeting is to be narrowed down to one day, and that the last day of the session—the equest is certainly a necessary one to be complied with, that parties bring *written answers* to the several questions proposed. But we are afraid many will not do this, and we wish such could be allowed to make oral answers, to be reported *verbatim* at the time of meeting. We feel sure a large number of fruit growers will be present, and hope to see a fine exhibition of Maine apples and pears at the time. Our correspondents continue to write us upon the subject, one of which says in a note just received: "I am glad the interest in apples is on the increase, and I also hope there will be a Pomological Society formed in our State."

A friend writes us under date of August 31st. "I have laid aside for farther consideration, several FARMERS in which the first series of W. G.'s articles on Maine fruits appeared, and intend to give a short description of a few varieties concerning which he desired information, and still farther about some few sorts which he did not mention and which I think worthy of more extended cultivation." We hope you will do so. We need lots of such descriptions of native fruits, that they may go upon record as material for a historical and descriptive account of Maine fruits which we trust will some day be written.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

To the Fruit Growers of Maine.

It is proposed to devote Friday, Oct. 11th, being the last day of the coming autumn session of the Board of Agriculture to be held at Skowhegan, to discussions on fruit, and, if deemed advisable, a State Association may be organized for the promotion of Fruit Culture. The discussion will be in continuation of those at the January session held at Paris, which related chiefly to general principles and methods of culture. These will be directed more to the actual and comparative value of different varieties for introduction to general culture.

All interested in the subject are invited to attend, and to bring for examination and comparison a few specimens each of such varieties as in their experience have been found to possess a high degree of excellence, either for home use or to cultivate for market purposes. It is believed that we have among us some varieties introduced from abroad, as yet not generally known, and also some which originated in this State known only within very narrow limits, which possess excellencies warranting more extensive culture. It is a matter of great importance, to ascertain, gather together, collate, and lay before the people, the results of actual experience in Maine.

To facilitate this object, those who attend are invited to prepare, and bring *written answers* to the following questions, accompanied with the name and residence of the writer:

1. What are the three best Summer Apples for market,—that is to say,—the most attractive, most productive, and generally, the most profitable?
2. What are the three best Summer Apples for home use? These may embrace any of higher excellence than the above, although less attractive in appearance, less productive, and less able to bear transportation without injury.
3. What are the three best Autumn Apples for market purposes?
4. What are the best Autumn Apples for home use?
5. What are the three best Winter and Spring Apples for market?
6. What are the three best for home use?

The same questions may be answered again, substituting pears in place of apples.

7. What are the three best Cooking Apples, one Summer, one Autumn, one Winter?
8. What is the best apple for drying?
9. Do you know any Seedling Apple or Pear, all its characters, both of tree and fruit, being considered, (such as hardiness, vigor of growth, productiveness, health of tree and quality of fruit, &c., &c.,) which is worthy to take precedence of, and to be substituted for some kind or kinds now commonly known and grown? And if so, state its origin, characteristics and peculiar claims.

Experienced orchardists well know that the mere multiplication of good varieties without some clear, positive gain is no advantage, but an injury. But if we could, for instance, find one apple which should prove to be, throughout Maine, what the Baldwin has been in Massachusetts, sufficiently hardy, equally vigorous in growth, equally productive, equally as fine in all respects as good for marketing, as the Baldwin is there, it would be worth, at a very moderate estimate, hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It will be readily seen that by having written answers to the above questions presented at the opening of the meeting, the discussions may at once be directed to definite points, may more easily be kept in useful and instructive lines, time will be economized, and more useful and valuable results be gained.

Fruit growers throughout the State who may be unable to attend the session, are earnestly requested to contribute the results of their experience by answering the above questions, adding whatever of interest they may be able to, regarding experience with any orchard or garden fruits, addressing me either at Saco, or at Skowhegan, in time to be used at the session.

Such testimony being cumulative in its character, and trustworthy in proportion as uniformity of experience is indicated, it is earnestly hoped that all who can, will furnish what they know about fruits in Maine, even if unable to be present at the session.

S. L. GOODALE,
Sec'y Board of Agriculture.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Naked Limbed Greening.

Having been quite interested for a few months past in reading the apple notes in the FARMER, and noticing the inquiry of S. N. T. in regard to the Naked or Bare-limbed Greening, as it is commonly called in this vicinity, I propose to give what little information I can in regard to it. This apple has been known in this town for about forty years. The first scions of it were obtained by Rev. I. D. Clements, of whom I obtained this information, and grafted into his nursery. He also engrafted them into many of the orchards in this and adjoining towns. The scions were obtained of a gentleman by the name of Goodale, who owned an orchard of very nice fruit in the town of Orrington or Brewer, I am not certain which. It has generally been considered a New York apple and has in this vicinity, until within a few years, been called the New York Greening. Where the name Bare or Naked-limbed Greening started from I am unable to say. It is sometimes called the Limber-twig Greening. I have taken some pains to try and find its name and origin. Two years ago I sent some of them to Massachusetts, and they were examined by gentlemen from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who were well acquainted with the different varieties of apples in those States, but they were new to them, and I never have found a New York man that could name them. The late Dr. Simonton of Searsport, in his articles published in the *Republican Journal* of Belfast a few years ago, described an apple which I think must be this, and says: "It is undoubtedly the New York Pippin."

The Naked-limbed Greening is one of the prettiest growing trees that can be found—the bark is very bright and smooth, being an enormous bearer, the long slender limbs gives the tree a weeping appearance It comes as near to an annual bearer as any variety that I know of. The fruit is large or very large flatish, round, rather long, slim stem, color pale green in the fall, but turns to a beautiful golden yellow in winter. Some specimens have a red cheek in the sun, and now and then one with a russet cheek. Flavor sub-acid, very crisp and juicy, fine grained, with small core; splendid for eating or cooking; is what might be classed an early winter apple in this State. Under favorable circumstances will sometimes keep till April. A barrel of them is only excelled by a barrel of oranges, for aroma and beauty, and its true name and origin would give much pleasure to all who know it.

This is another item of proof that we need a

Pomological Society in Maine.

The correct name and origin of but very few of our numerous varieties of apples is known; many of the old standard varieties of other States are known here by different names:—For instance, Jewett's Fine Red is known in this vicinity as the Pearmain; the name Cathead is also given to at least a dozen different varieties, some sour and some sweet. There are other very desirable varieties in this vicinity that have no name other than what different individuals may choose to give them, and to any one interested in Pomology it is very perplexing, and it is to be hoped that the ball will be kept in motion till these things are made straight. It is well known to those that have visited other States South and West, that the flavor of our Maine apples is second to none. It is a matter of surprise to Massachusetts and New York men who visit our State to see such fine apples, and they exclaim: "Where do you get such apples, and no names for them?" Many of our native varieties are very desirable and need to be named and disseminated, and one of the most important items is to know what varieties to plant in different localities. Fruit growing in Maine is in its infancy; we are fifty years behind the times; our apple crop may be made to equal almost any State in the Union if we only take hold of the matter with a will. W.

Monroe.

For for Maine Farmer.

How to Raise Cranberries.

Having long been intimately acquainted with cranberry cultivation, I submit some brief directions in answer to the inquiries made by several correspondents of your paper. I think they will find them sufficiently comprehensive.

Cranberries grow best on a swamp or muck meadow. They will often do moderately well without flowing; but I do not think it is profitable to raise them on a large scale unless they can be kept covered with water two or three feet in depth all winter. Should the water fall so that the ice freezes to the vines, when it rises with the next freshet, it will pull them up. The water should be put on soon after picking the fruit, and taken off the first of June. The vines will then blossom at a time when there is no danger from the cranberry fly, and the berries will have just time to ripen before the early frosts. Some let it off earlier and flow a few days at the end of June, when the fly is abroad. I think if one had a pond held in reserve by a dam higher up than the meadow, one might sometimes save the crop from injury by flowing the meadow upon notice of an unusually early frost, letting off the water next morning, or as soon as danger is over, for a number of fine days usually follow an early frost.

To prepare the ground, turn the sod, either with spade or plow, harrow the surface, and spread upon it two or three inches of sand or gravel, which can generally be dug from the nearest hillside.

Gravel is sometimes spread upon the ice in winter, it finds bottom the next spring. It is essential that the meadow be well drained by open ditches, and yet be kept moist, which may be done by occasional slight flowings in a drouth.

I have seen meadows without gravel bearing a fair crop, and others set the same which did not result well; probably because of coarse grass, which, without gravelling, cannot easily be kept down. Gravel seems to be required to grow the cranberry perfectly. Vines set in spring grow best, but they may be set in the fall, or even in summer, if the ground is moist enough. Set in rows three feet apart, one foot apart in the rows; if set farther apart they will be longer in covering the ground. Should you have plenty of vines you may set the rows closer together.

Vines cut a few inches in length will take root and grow. Place the long vines lengthways of the rows and cover with earth or stones at intervals. Always select vines that bear; good varieties are oftenest found growing in the vicinity of lakes. I have seen patches that yielded at the rate of four hundred bushels per acre, two hundred is a good average. If kept free from grass, weeds, bushes, etc., they will begin to remunerate the owner in about five years. After the vines have covered the ground nothing will grow among them except a few bushes, which must be pulled out; and a cranberry meadow will last for all time by spreading on an inch or two of gravel when it becomes very old and needs renewing.

It is generally necessary to have a man camp on the ground for a month previous to picking, to prevent stealing. He can employ his time profitably in making improvements, and his wages are a trifle compared to the value of the crop.

Subscriber should procure a file of the FARMER (or some other good agricultural paper) and read the articles upon cranberry culture, that he will be sure to find there. He will thus obtain much of the information that he wishes explained at full length.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of August, 1872, by Prof. M. C. Fernald.

Latitude 44 deg. 53 min. North.
Longitude 68 deg. 38 min. West.
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.

Mean temperature for the month.		67.63.
Maximum temperature,		90.3
Minimum temperature,		45.2
Mean of warmest day,	(9th)	76.8
Mean of coldest day,	(30th)	54.3
Mean per centage of cloudiness,		.45
Amount of rain in gauge,		6.23 in.

Direction and force of winds:—N. W. & W., .30; S. W. & S., .36; S. E. & E., .18; N. E. & N., .16;

Mean height of barometer in inches,		29.823.
Maximum	" " "	30.075.
Minimum	" " "	29.277.
Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height,		.530
Mean humidity of the atmosphere,		.79

The Weather during August.

A meteorological record of the weather, &c., for the month of August, 1872:

	Sunrise.	1 P. M.	Sunset.	Mean.	
Mean of month,	57	78	66	67¼	
Maximum,	65	95	75	78	9th.
Minimum,	42	56	56	55	27th, 30th.

Eight days north and northeast wind during the month; four days east and southeast; eleven days south and southwest; eight days west and northwest—prevailing wind southwest. Mean warmest day, 9th, 78 degs. Mean coldest day, 30th, 55 degs. Mean of August for eighteen years, 66 degs; so the past August was 1¼ degree warmer than the average.—Mean of August 1871, 66¼ degs.; 1872, 67¼ or one degree warmer than last year. Month warmer than average, with frequent rains, interspersed with bright sunny days; just right for vegetation; fields and pastures as green as in June. Potatoes rusting and rotting to some extent in this section. 9th very warm; 30th, cold rain storm from the east.

Winterport, Sept. 2d. J. F. BLAKE.

Excelsior Oats---Renovating Old Fields.

I threshed fifty-eight bushels of "Excelsior oats" from five bushels of seed grown in Hampden from seed sent from the Agricultural Department by Hon. H. Hamlin. They are the finest oats I ever grew—white, thin hull, heavy, weigh 40 pounds per bushel. I sowed with grass seed on broke-up ground well dressed with green manure. I believe the best way to renovate our old mowing fields is to break up and seed down in spring or early fall to the extent of the manure heap only. If you have but ten loads don't plow one fourth of an acre more than it will well dress.

Winthrop. C. S. ROBBINS.

Name Claimed.

The name of TROUBLESOME KNOX for my three-year-old stallion. Sired by Flying Cloud, and out of a Blackhawk and Messenger mare. This colt is black, with no marks. He was foaled May 22d, 1869. G. A. BRAGG.

Carmel, Sept. 3d.

Winter Wheat.

I have just threshed fifteen bushels of nice winter wheat, weighing 65 lbs. per bush., from seed sown Sept. 23d, 1870, red-bearded variety, that has been raised about here for years. I would advise farmers to be cautious of new varieties. I saved a few quarts of two kinds raised last year on burnt land, from seed from the Agricultural Department, and hardly a root of either kind survived the winter. To any sowing winter wheat I would urge that the field be where water will not stand on the surface spring or fall. Harrow liberally and harrow in with seed, and seed down with shoulds grass and red top this month. Clover should not be sown until March. One and one half bushels of wheat will seed an acre.

Winthrop. C. S. ROBBINS.

For the Maine Farmer.

How we Save our Fodder-Corn.

It was planted in drills, three feet apart, at the rate of three and one-half bushels to the acre. When the tassels appear we cut it with the sickle, let it lay in the gravel till wilted enough to bind. It is then bound, near the buts, as one would bind wheat. We then drive some posts or stakes firmly into the ground, on which we lay rails or poles about breast high, the bundles are then hung astride of the rails, "but end up with care." After hanging three or four days, if the weather is good we haul it into the barn and hang it on rails in the same manner, placed across the beams over the floor, or in any place where there is room for a rail strung full of bundles. It saves well. Try it. If you wish to mow it away it must stand in the field longer.

Bingham. M. A. GOODRICH.

For for Maine Farmer.

Winter Wheat---Fertilizers.

A friend having sent me a copy of your paper of August 24th, I noticed two articles of considerable significance, to which I wish to bear testimony of my experience.

First. In regard to the experience of Mr. James Capen, in the use of bone dust and ashes for corn, later for wheat, etc. Very large yields of corn, potatoes and other vegetables, have been obtained by mixing one part bone dust with one of wood ashes, or sal soda, and this compound with twenty parts of dried clay or loam, before the bone is evaporated by the alkali—the earth holding or absorbing the dissolving and vaporous elements of the other; this compost, including the twenty parts of earth, is not strong enough to kill the young vegetables, as in Mr. Capen's case; but is a grand and rapid stimulant or fertilizer for its growth, and produces large increase of yield, with about a pint or large handful to the hill. I have seen it produce most splendid results also when spread broadcast on winter wheat, in the fall. The alkali and phosphates of bone and ashes are both highly useful to potatoes, corn, wheat and most other vegetables—and more needed than most farmers seem to know.

Second. About Winter Wheat, by Henry Poor. In Wisconsin and Illinois, where it is not customary to grow winter wheat, and is generally thought it cannot be successfully raised, my experience was successful in obtaining profitable crops, by fair mulching, on well, deep plowed ground, sowed pretty early in autumn, (in September,) so as to get a good rank stand before frost closed the ground; then when frozen we drove over it and thinly covered the crop with manure or leaf mold and other litter, and in some instances with marsh muck, which had been well slacked or pulverized by the winter frost and spring rains; it is an excellent *mulch* or *top-dressing*, and winter wheat thus fairly dressed will not be "killed out" by the heaving of frost, nor blown bare by the wind as in other cases. And then we always brined our seed wheat by soaking a few hours in salt brine, then skim off the light wheat and weed seeds, which rise on the top, so that we thus get clean, round seed—then dried in lime or ashes ready to sow with the drill, and we were sure of a crop.

Vinton County, O., August 30th. D. S. C.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Word about Fruit Trees.

I have been deeply interested in reading from time to time, articles in the FARMER relating to fruit trees, and have faith to believe that home raised trees are every way superior to foreign trees. It is generally admitted that it is far safer to carry fruit trees South and West, than North and East. Again it is well known that trees grown in very rich soil, and driven so as to grow like briar bushes, are not as likely to stand the rigors of our long, severe winters, as those grown more like our hardy forest trees. If we can get a tree that is a native of Canada, or Russia, we are sure of a hardy tree. So if we can find trees that grow and thrive in the extreme northern part of Maine, we feel sure they will do well in any part of New England. Therefore I am in favor of home-grown trees. J. W. KELLOGG.

Sherman Mills.

Preparing Stock for Fairs.

The following excellent suggestions, upon a most timely topic, are commended to our readers. We copy from the *Prairie Farmer:*—

The preparation of all kinds of stock for exhibition at fairs forms, in these days, an important part of the system of handling them. The very natural and laudable pride which seeks public approbation, and finds it in a full reward for care bestowed and money expended, would be sufficient in itself to induce most breeders of fine stock to exhibit in competition with each other the choicest results of their skill and labor in rearing domestic animals. Aside from this, however, there is no better medium for advertising, none through which so many of those interested in the subject can be so certainly, so easily, so cheaply, and so favorably reached, as such exhibition affords. Fairs have come to be preeminently the occasions which the great mass of the people rely upon to gratify their desire to see the best stock of the country and to pass judgment upon the relative merits of breeds and individuals. Every breeder of prominence, or who seeks to become prominent, now expects to meet the people in this way and to submit his claims from time to time to their judgment. Hence this part of the breeder's regular labors—the preparation of his stock or a portion of it for the fairs—demands and receives his most careful attention and pains-taking skill.

The fair season is now close at hand: all animals designed for prize-takers are receiving their finishing touch. The groom, herdsman and shepherd are now, if ever, "setting up" with their pets; nothing is neglected or withheld; the boys are on hand early and late, while the owners' eyes are over all arrangements. It is in view of these facts that we suggest to young breeders, or those not entirely confident of their own knowledge, and practice of details in this important work, that right now is a first-rate time for each of them to make a visit to the best breeder upon whom they can rely, who has an established reputation and is within easy reach, and stay with him long enough to see exactly how it is done.

Twenty-four or forty-eight hours' observation and a free discussion of details under such circumstances with any one of a dozen breeders we could name, even in this State alone, will prove of life-long practical value and afford the novice more information than he can possibly derive from books or papers or even years of experiment with his own stud or herd. There are several breeders of horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep in Illinois, and of course in other States, who invariably bring their stock to the fair ground in better show condition, (we do not mean fatter,) in more attractive form and appearance, than some others. It may be, but it is not quite certain always, that their animals are intrinsically superior to others less fortunate in the snow-rings, but it is plain enough that their methods of preparation are nearly perfect so far as to develope an attractive exterior, full, robust health, and the special points of the greatest value in the breed represented. It is such practical success and the methods in detail by which it is accomplished that the young breeder needs to study in detail, and which he can study nowhere else so well and so satisfactorily as before the fairs and in the manner we have pointed out at the homes of the best breeders. Any one of the latter, we are quite sure, would welcome a visitor on such an errand. There are no professional secrets nor even narrow-minded prejudices among them which would interfere to prevent the freest and fullest discussion of every question of theory or practice.

About Birds.

Some curious statistics about small birds have recently been laid before the English House of Commons. The thrush is said to work from 2.30 in the morning until 9.30 in the evening, or nineteen hours. During this time he feeds his young 206 times. Blackbirds work seventeen hours. The male feeds the young 44 times and the female 55 times per day. The industrious titmouse manages to spread 417 meals a day before its voracious offspring. According to one naturalist their food consists largely of caterpillars. These statements, and a hundred more quite as curious, were made in an eloquent plea for a law to protect small birds from being snared and shot. Unfortunately, although the speech seems to prove that they are really the allies instead of the enemies of the farmer, the old prejudices against them were strong enough to defeat the bill.

Poultry Items.

LICE. Carbolic soap will certainly kill lice on fowls or chickens. We use Buchan's. Dissolve half an ounce in a quart of boiling water; when cool, wet their heads and necks with it. The lice die in an instant, and in half an hour the chickens are as dry and nice as ever.

TO CLEAN SOILED PLUMAGE. Confine the fowl in a small coop and cover the bottom with dry clean sand at least six inches deep; the fowl will clean itself.—*Iowa Homestead.*

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

Living with "Old Folks."

I always said, when I was young, that I would never live with old folks. I did not mean that I would not live with my own father and mother, for were they not the best folks in the world, and would they ever grow old? But I meant that I would never marry a man who "lived on the home farm,"—as we say in the country,—and had the property for supporting the old people; and I even went so far one day as to tell one of my schoolmates, with whom I was very intimate, that I wouldn't marry a man who had to take care of his father and mother—not if he owned a gold mine and had three men digging at it all the time. And at the same time I somehow felt, that if I ever did marry, it would be my lot to live with "old folks." While I openly proclaimed that I would not, there was something within me assuring me that I should —that it would be my lot. So you will not be surprised, I know, if I tell you that the very first time I had was from a young man who lived on the home farm, and took care of his father and mother! I had formed in my own mind such a pretty picture of my future home, where I should live alone with my husband, and have things so cosy and nice—that I felt as if I could not have the bother of old folks. "Well, did you marry him?" I hear some reader say. Yes, I did. He was a grand fellow, possessing sterling qualities of mind and heart, and I loved him very much. The longer we lived together, the more I grew to honor and respect him. But what a trial I did have to make up my mind to say "yes;" and what a trial I had after we were first married to get along with the "old folks." I felt that I was mistress of the house, and although I knew but very little about cooking or housekeeping—having been to school but my days, and having always had a mother close to my heels—I could not bear to be told! And so I took charge of things generally, my husband's mother was displeased, and did not appear at all suited with my household management. Oh! how many times did I go off by myself and cry for my foolishness in marrying a man who lived with "old folks." If I could have said "no" at such times, with any avail, I should have said it spitefully, I assure you.

As time passed on, I began to feel that I had not done just right. It came to me one day—I suppose I had a good fit come over me, or something of the kind, I cannot tell just what—that my mother-in-law—"your mother" I had always called her to my husband. I have forgotten what it was about, but I know it pleased her wonderfully. Why had I not thought of it before? It would do me no harm, and might possibly gratify her. She—good soul that she was—refered it right back to me! How I had misjudged her, and how really unselfish she was. I am sure it was not strange she wanted to be consulted in the affairs of the house when I first went there; and I was a naughty, perl, foolish thing. Did she know more than I? and did she not have as good a right there as I had? How sorry I felt, that I had so radically taken things into my own hands.

Well, after the time to which I have alluded, I asked mother—

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 14, 1872.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will visit Washington County in September and October.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now canvassing the county of Oxford.

The Late Political Contest.

The political campaign of 1872, so far at least, as Maine is concerned, closed with the close of the election Monday evening. It has certainly been one of the most exciting partisan contests that ever occurred in this State. For the past month, our entire population, from the Piscataqua to the St. Croix, and from the mountains to the sea, has been in a state of active political fermentation. Political meetings have been held in every town and in almost every school district. Every public speaker in the State has been pressed into the service, and the best speaking talent of the country has been brought to bear upon the issue. Canvassers and small wire-pullers have interviewed all doubtful citizens, and the minor work of the campaign seems to have been most thoroughly accomplished on both sides.

There is an intense feeling of relief that all this is over; that the terrible war of words has ceased, and that business, which has been so long disturbed, can again resume its ordinary course.

The campaign has been conducted with great earnestness, and we regret to say that there have been much bitter invective and personality. Not content with attacking the principles and policy of their opponents, which is legitimate and proper enough, private character has often been assailed in the most unjustifiable manner. It is well, carefully to criticise the acts of public men who are candidates for the suffrages of the people, and well enough to scrutinize their private characters, but private character should never be attacked without positive proof of the charges—and where charges are shown to be groundless the *amende honorable* should promptly be made. But, in the late campaign, we have reason to believe that private character has often been recklessly assailed and charges reiterated after they were known to be false. We do not believe that either party gains, but rather loses by such a course. Even now the remark is too often made and with too much truth that political newspapers are wholly unreliable. Newspapers have always wielded an immense influence in moulding and conducting the affairs of the nation, but that influence cannot be maintained unless newspapers are conducted with due regard to truth and candor. A foreigner, unacquainted with our manner of conducting a campaign and reading only our partisan sheets would think the candidates for our highest offices were selected from the most abandoned wretches in the land. On the one hand the candidate is represented as an "original secessionist," "politically dishonest," "an aider and abetter of thieves," and "an old man in his dotage" at 61. On the other, we are told, with all the semblance of truth and candor, that the candidate "dispenses patronage for bribes," that he is "indolent" and "neglectful of his official duties," that he is a bold, bad man," scheming for purple robes and an empire, and that he is a "common drunkard."

The same is true of every other candidate for office. His character is subjected to a calcium light, his faults are magnified and his good qualities either distorted or kept entirely in the back ground.

These misrepresentations are the bad features of the late campaign which we earnestly hope may never be repeated.

One of the hopeful signs which this campaign has developed is the laxity of party discipline as compared with that of former years. The time was when party politicians had complete control of their followers; could place them in the party ranks and felt sure of finding them so on election day. This made politics an easy business, for it enabled the office seeker to number his forces, even while the skirmish was going on, and know to a certainty what the exact result would be. The masses in those days gave but little thought to public affairs. What their recognized party leaders told them was taken as law and gospel. It was a very common thing for a politician to boast of having his voters "yarded" and this treatment as mere cattle was not at all resented by them.

The late war aided by a more general diffusion of knowledge, has wrought a revolution in this respect. When, in a republic, men feel called upon to engage in the momentous business of war, it is natural for them to inquire into the cause which rendered the war necessary, before engaging in it. During our late war, there was probably more thought bestowed upon public affairs by the masses, than during the entire period of our nation's existence previous. And this thought has been aided by study so that the great mass of voters much better understand the issues before the country at the present time, than they ever did before. We see this in the every day inquiries of the people, of the whys and wherefores of political movements and matters. This is one of the most promising signs of the times and gives us hopeful assurance of the permanency of our Republican Institutions.

A republic can be sustained and perpetuated only by an intelligent ballot. Politicians are learning that they cannot deceive their constituents. The people now read and understand the news. If an officer who has been honored by their suffrages, is true to them and to the great interests of the country, he is re-elected, but if he has proved recreant to his trusts he will surely hear from it at the ballot box. Party discipline will not avail him, for the independent voters of the country acknowledge no file leader who does not conduct them in the direction indicated by their own convictions.

We are glad that the days of strict party discipline are passing away. Nothing is more inconsistent and absurd than the idea that we must follow party, whether right or wrong, and support party nomination, however repugnant it may be to our sense of propriety and right. There are still a few who are in the habit of bartering the sacred right of suffrage for money. Last week we were an unobserved witness of the pledge of a vote for the paltry sum of *two dollars*. It was a sickening and disgusting spectacle. But voters who can be bought are so thoroughly unreliable, and there is such a sense of uncertainty hanging over such purchases, that the business is only practiced to a limited extent and growing less year by year.

We have no doubt that political papers, now that the contest is over, in reviewing their late course, will be filled with deep regret at the injustice they have done to private character, at the wrongs they have committed in the name of mere party. We hope it may be so, and that before the advent of another political contest, the folly and injustice of such unwarrantable attacks upon private character may be fully recognized and abandoned.

☞The Winthrop Street Universalist Church in this city will be re-opened for public worship on Sunday next. Rev. W. W. Notting of Skowhegan, will supply the pulpit on the morning of that day.

Notice to Subscribers.

Our agent, Dr. S. I. SMALL, of Carmel, will be in attendance at the State Fair in Bangor next week to receive payments and subscriptions for the FARMER. It is earnestly hoped that many of our subscribers who are in arrears for the paper will avail themselves of this opportunity to send him the amounts due by the hands of friends attending the Fair, or make payment in person. Dr. Small will be found at the MAINE FARMER Headquarters, Secretary's Office, at the entrance to the Fair Grounds.

THE STATE ELECTION. Our readers have generally had occasion to know that the annual election for State and County officers, and for members of Congress took place on Monday. A finer day for election purposes was never had, and a very large vote was polled. Full returns had not been received at the time of our going to press, but the indications are Governor Perham has been re-elected by a majority of somewhere from sixteen to eighteen thousand. The Republicans have also elected the entire delegation to Congress by majorities varying from two to four thousand. Three old members have been re-elected, viz.: Speaker Blaine in the 3d District, Frye in the 2d, and Hale in the 5th; while Mr. Burleigh takes the place of Mr. Lynch in the 1st, and Gen. Hersey of Bangor succeeds Mr. Peters in the 4th. The Republicans have also elected their entire county ticket in each of the counties in the State, every member of the State Senate and four-fifths of the House. In Augusta the election passed off in a very orderly manner, though there was great activity in both camps. We heard of no rows, and of but very little drunkenness. In the evening a large crowd gathered in the streets to hear the returns as they came in by telegraph, but they were good-natured and well behaved.

Below we give the Governor vote in this city, and also the vote of 1871:

	1872		1871	
	Perham.	Kimball.	Perham.	Kimball.
Ward 1,	244	173	224	188
" 2,	178	111	166	114
" 3,	219	129	179	153
" 4,	97	55	99	59
" 5,	146	92	117	81
" 6,	125	82	106	86
" 7,	88	55	80	56
	1097	697	971	737

It will be seen by the above that Gov. Perham's majority last Monday was 400, and 234 in 1871. Mr. Blaine's vote in Augusta was three less than Gov. Perham's and Mr. Lang's was four more than Mr. Kimball's. Mr. Blaine's majority in Kennebec county is 3200, and this will be considerably increased in other parts of the District. The Republicans carried every town in Kennebec county, electing the county ticket by over three thousand majority, and the entire delegation to the State Legislature.

The vote in the cities in the State, stands as follows:

	Perham.	Kimball.
Portland,	2790	2663
Bangor,	1997	1635
Lewiston,	1470	827
Augusta,	1097	697
Auburn,	997	626
Rockland,	892	589
Calais,	874	456
Saco,	786	452
Biddeford,	744	846
Ellsworth,	518	450

The State Legislature in both branches will be composed largely of new members. Among the more prominent of the old Senators who have been re-elected, are J. Dingley, Jr., of Auburn, E. C. Farrington of Fryeburg, Caleb A. Chaplin of Harrison, John B. Foster of Bangor, and Almore Kennedy of Waldoboro'. John E. Butler of the Biddeford *Union*, who was defeated last year is elected.

The House will contain several gentlemen who have heretofore distinguished themselves in the Legislature. Among these are Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston, W. H. Vinton of Gray, James D, Fessenden of Portland, Sam'l F. Titcomb of Augusta, E. F. Webb of Waterville, &c. Hon. Hiram Knowlton, formerly of the Governor's Council, and Hon. Silas C. Hatch of the present Council, have both been elected to the House. W. W. Thomas, Jr., State Commissioner of Emigration, has also been elected.

Below we give the vote by counties so far as received at the time of our going to press copied from the official returns.

RECAPITULATION BY COUNTIES.

Counties.		Perham.	Kimball.
Kennebec,	28 towns,	7360	4140
Penobscot,	48 "	8129	5451
Oxford,	27 "	3452	2869
Cumberland,	26 "	8433	7791
Aroostook,	8 "	772	419
Androscoggin,	13 "	4544	2917
Sagadahoc,	8 "	2174	1231
Franklin,	15 "	1976	1321
Somerset,	25 "	3828	2947
Piscataquis,	19 "	1933	1153
York,	25 "	6769	5579
Waldo,	19 "	2876	2223
Washington,	28 "	3963	3029
Hancock,	28 "	2343	1742
Lincoln,	17 "	2146	2041
Knox,	12 "	2957	2797
Total, 336 towns,		63,765	47,650
Majority for Perham, 16,115.			

There are yet 146 towns and plantations to be heard from, which will considerably increase the aggregate vote.

In our next issue we shall be able to give the entire vote of the State.

CITY GOSSIP. The Sabbath School of the Winthrop Street Universalist Church will commence its session next Sunday at the usual hour.—Hon. Samuel Titcomb and Geo. E. Weeks, Esq., were elected representatives to the legislature last Monday.—Frank G. Patterson, formerly of this city is building a house Portland.—The Tanners serenaded Speaker Blaine, Wednesday evening, who responded in a brief speech.—Seven intentions of marriage were entered with the city clerk during the month of August.—A year ago Messrs. Beale & Farnham lost a key to their store and since that time several things have been missed, indicating that the key had fallen into dishonest hands. Saturday night the store was watched and the burglar caught, who proved to be our unfortunate townsman, Sumner Brick. He was arrested and lodged in jail, and to-day he would tell you that *rum* was the prime cause of all his misfortunes.—A concrete walk has been built from Court Street to the jail.—P. Morton is preparing the foundation for a dwelling on Court Street near the Maine Central depot.—There is a report that compressed air as a power is soon to be put on trial in this city.

ST. CATHERINE SCHOOL. From the report of the Trustees of St. Catherine's school to the Episcopal Convention at Portland, Wednesday of last week, we learn that the number of day scholars for the past year was twenty-two; number of boarding forty-five. It is proposed to enlarge the building. The debt at the beginning of the year was about $14,500, and this has been slightly reduced

☞The next meeting of the Maine Teachers' Association will be at Bangor about October 22d. Prof. Barbour of Bangor, Mr. Harrington, Superintendent of Schools in New Bedford, Mass., and J. H. French, State Superintendent of Vermont, and others will lecture.

☞James Hatch and Israel A. Herrick, of Portland, went down the harbor in a boat, Sunday, and subsequently the body of Herrick was found floating in the water. The fate of Hatch is not known, but it is supposed the boat was capsized by the squall and that both were drowned. They both leave families.

PEACH GROWING. Mr. Lemuel Dunbar, says the Waterville *Mail*, an enthusiastic fruit culturist, has succeeded in raising quite a quantity of nice large peaches this year, one specimen lacking only a sixteenth of being eight inches and a half in circumference. They are well ripened and luscious.

☞Mary B. Hutchinson, a venerable dame, aged 79 years, living in Norridgewock, recently spun thirty skeins of yarn in forty-two hours, and performed her household duties besides.

Maine State Fair.

TRANSPORTATION NOTICE.

The Maine Central Railroad and its branches; the European and North American Railway, and the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad carry passengers during the week to the State Fair at Bangor, Sept. 17th to 20th at ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP from all stations on their line. The above roads also carry and return stock and articles for exhibition FREE.

The Boston and Bangor, and Portland and Bangor boats will carry passengers at half fare.

During the days of the fair an extra train will leave Augusta at 7 o'clock, A. M., or on arrival of train from Gardiner, for Bangor, stopping at all way stations. Passengers can return on this train which will leave Bangor about 3½ P. M., or on the regular Pullman train, leaving Bangor at 7 P. M.

A SPECIAL STATE FAIR TRAIN for animals and articles will leave Brunswick about 7 o'clock, A. M., Sept. 16th, for Bangor, stopping at all stations. A train will start from Skowhegan at 5 o'clock, A. M., on the same day connecting with this train at Kendall's Mills. Returning, this train will leave Bangor, Saturday Sept. 21, at about 9 A. M.

The arrangement of trains on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad are now such as will afford good accommodation to persons attending the Fair, on the line of that road. Such stock and extra passenger trains as are needed will be run over the European and North American Railway, during the Fair.

Shippers of freight pay the cost of transportation to Bangor, and are given free return passage and the refunding of freight money paid at time of shipment.

SAMUEL L. BOARDMAN, *Sec'y.*

Augusta, Sept. 10th, 1872.

☞A severe thunder storm passed over Gardiner and Pittston Sunday afternoon, the lightning striking in several places and doing considerable damage in the latter town.

We happened to be on the road in Pittston, traveling toward Gardiner bridge, and when within two miles of that place, we noticed a small dark cloud just above the horizon, toward the northwest. We paid but little attention to it at the time, but before we reached the bridge the cloud had increased and overspread the sky, and as we crossed into Gardiner there was a blinding flash, followed by a terrific explosion, and the air seemed to be filled with the electric fluid. The bolt struck a brick chimney opposite the Evans House, causing, for a moment, a brisk movement of bricks and mortar. A moment later and the windows of heaven seemed to be opened, and the rain poured down in torrents, as we have rarely ever witnessed it. The shower continued for half an hour or more, and the roads were flooded. The lightning and thunder continued, though with diminished force in the direction we were traveling, seeming to pass off in nearly a direct course across the town of Pittston. We understand that three barns were struck in that town, though we have not learned the extent of the damage. A peculiarity of the lightning, which we do not remember to have noticed before, was its violet color, approaching almost to a purple. This peculiarity was noticed by others, and after dark the landscape, lighted up by it, presented a peculiarly dismal and weird appearance. The day had been exceedingly hot, the mercury rising to 90 degs. in the shade, an unusual occurrence in this latitude in September. After the shower the mercury fell to 58, with a brisk north-west wind.

☞The Board of Arbitration has closed its labors, and the result will be made known in a few days. It can confidently be stated that a large award has been made to the United States for damage done to American shipping by Anglo-Confederate cruisers during our late civil war—though the precise amount will not be made public until the report of the Commissioners is laid before the two governments.

We regard the amount of money paid as damages in this case, as of small importance compared with certain great questions which have been definitely settled. What is of paramount importance, we have obtained an acknowledgement from Great Britain, that in her recognition of the Southern Confederacy, she committed a wrong. The principle has also been established, that neither nation shall be held responsible for indirect damages, caused by a failure to prevent cruisers from leaving her ports. This, to the United States, with her extended line of seacoast, is of very great importance. We have also obtained a money award for actual damage committed by rebel cruisers.

This peaceable adjustment of a question which at one time seemed almost certain to result in war between the two countries, is a matter of congratulation to every American citizen. It also establishes a precedent for other nations to follow, and thereby strengthens the cause of peace, progress and humanity.

It is reported that the members of the Arbitration and the counsel of the two governments are well satisfied with the conclusions arrived at, and we have no doubt that when the case is reported, both Great Britain and the United States will speedily ratify the doings of the Board. It is a great triumph for peace and comity between the United States and the mother country.

☞We regret that our engagements were such that we could not attend with the Maine Historical Society,—at its field day examinations upon Monhegan and Damariscove Islands and the Islands of Boothbay Harbor. There was a rendezvous of the members of the Society at Wiscasset on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning they embarked on the United States Steamer McCulloch, which was kindly tendered for the occasion by the Secretary of the Treasury.

They are to return to Wiscasset this (Thursday) evening, where a public meeting will be held for report and discussion of the results of the historical examination.

The early settlement of these Islands is shrouded in deep mystery, and its solution has engaged the minds of some of the most distinguished historical and antiquarian writers of this country. The Maine Historical Society has for several years been investigating the subject, and we understand that recent researches among old archives in Europe, made under the auspices of this Society, have brought to light many important facts bearing on the case, which will be made public in a volume of the Society's proceedings, soon to be published.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. The Seventh State Convention of the Young Mens' Christian Association of Maine will meet with the Winthrop Association on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, and continue in session three days. Pastors, and all Christian workers are invited to attend. All who propose to attend are requested to notify the Secretary as soon as convenient. Free return tickets will be furnished to those who attend, over the Maine Central Railroad. The Secretary is W. H. Hobbs of Portland.

EARLY FROST. There was more or less frost in different portions of the State on Thursday night of last week. In Oxford County there was a heavy fog in the morning, which prevented serious damage to the crops. In Plymouth and in some other towns in Penobscot County, corn was killed and the farmers have cut it for fodder. At five o'clock in the morning, the mercury stood at plus 37 in Plymouth. We have not heard any complaint of injury to corn or vines in the Kennebec valley.

☞The house and outbuildings on the Belgrade road, about two miles from Augusta, belonging to Samuel W. Lane, Esq., but unoccupied at the time, were destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Loss estimated at $2,500, covered by an insurance of $1,500. The cause of the fire is unknown.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Affair at Forest City.

FOREST CITY, Sept. 2d, 1872.

I have waited for correct information to be given to the press in reference to the tragic death of James Thompson here, but find the first told version holds the public mind with a mighty grasp, however much unjust coloring may have been given thereto.

In your issue of Aug. 24th, you acknowledge having "received accounts of a tragedy which occurred at Forest City, near Vanceboro', on Wednesday of last week." That account, dear editor, is a tissue of misrepresentation, given, most evidently, to influence the public mind against justice in this case; and knowing that nothing of a partisan character is sustained by the MAINE FARMER, at this late date, I give you what is altogether within my power to substantiate.

But observe,—Forest City is situated at the outlet of the second Schoodic Lake, known as Grand Lake, while Vanceboro' is found twenty-five miles below Forest City, at the outlet of the third or lowest Schoodic Lake, therefore a murder at Forest City cannot constitute "manslaughter at Vanceboro'."

Edward Kirby, an outside boss at Vanceboro', and *never foreman of the tannery* there, was removed to Forest City, as assistant outside boss. Some ill-feeling grew up between Kirby and some outside laborers; but the good sense of the community had completely dispelled that, and no allusion could have been made thereto but with the design to prejudice public feelings against Thompson.

On Monday afternoon, August 12th, James Thompson, in a state of intoxication, applied to Kirby for outside employ. Kirby entered into a dispute with Thompson, spit in his face, and as Thompson leaned on a split of plank to steady himself, under his intoxication, Kirby, with his left hand, struck away Thompson's stick, and grasping a beech stick about four feet long and from two to nearly three inches in diameter, swinging it over his shoulder, smote the unprotected inebriate over the left temple, instantly felling him to the wharf on which they stood in an apparently lifeless condition. There was no "attempt to draw Kirby into a brawl," neither had he been in Kirby's presence during a longer time than five minutes, your untruthful correspondent notwithstanding. Thompson's skull was not fractured, but at the post mortem examination much clotted blood was found in the scalp, and a great amount of extravasated blood on the surface of the brain. Thompson, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of Surgeons Taber and Pearson, who were early called, lingered only until Wednesday, 3 o'clock P. M.

Kirby on Monday, gave himself up and was carried before Justice Foss, in Danforth; but such were the oaths made in his office, that Justice Foss could find no indictment against Kirby. Exparte testimony only, and that the most favorable to the prisoner that was possible, like the narative of your correspondent of Aug 24th. On the Tuesday following, he returned without bail to Forest City, and attempted again to sub-boss the outside laborers. It was then an injured community arose as one man, and refused to labor until Kirby should be cared for, notwithstanding the influence of the foreman of the tannery, John K. Smith, a man in the highest esteem of his men, of F. H. Hill, outside superior, a man of influence and power, and the presence of T. Shaw, Esq., the esteemed proprietor of the tannery. Kirby, finding his position pecarious, awaited the termination of the struggle with Thompson, and as soon as he learned that Dr. Tabor had given up the sufferer to die, he on Wednesday made his escape to Vanceboro', gave himself up to a trial Justice; there on exparte testimony, he obtained bonds in $500 securities, and his own recognizance for $500 more, and remains at large, well believing that he is quieting the friends of justice by this judicial farce.

A Coroner's Jury was convened on the 18th and 19th of August, by T. J. Sherman, Esq., Coroner. With much ability, the evidences in behalf of the State were examined, and their depositions recorded, and such was the clearness of the evidence, and the unity of the jury, of six intelligent citizens, that not a doubt of the intention of Kirby existed in the mind of said jury.

But Mr. Editor, where is justice now-a-days? Are we too near a general election for County Officers to remember the objects in view in their appointment? Or is the life of a poor inebriate only worth $1000 of illegal securities? My waiting asks for that, which your humanity can tell. From your correspondent,

VERITAS.

POLITICAL SUMMARY. Gen. Dix has accepted the nomination for Governor of New York,

Theodore Tilton spoke in Concord, N. H., Wednesday.

The Paesident and family will leave Long Branch for the White House on the 18th.

Gen. Hawley is talked of for successor in Congress to the late Hon. Julius L. Strong.

It is said that the Treasury Department is to sue Senator Schurz for a deficiency in his accounts while he was minister to Spain.

The straight Democrats of Indiana have decided to call a State Convention at Indianapolis September 19.

The Republicans of the 2d Michigan District have nominated Gen. Hazelton for Congress.

It is now said that Major Gen. W. B. Franklin of Hartford, Ct., will not only not support Greeley for President, but has announced his intention to vote for Grant.

Lieut.-Gov. Pinchback feels confident that Louisiana will be carried by the Republicans.

All the speakers now in the State together with Mr. Blaine will now go to Pennsylvania.

Hon. Francis Kiernan has been nominated for Governor by the Democrats of New York.

Judge Dent, who assaulted Henry Reed at Washington on Monday, is the same who ran as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Mississippi against Alcorn, the Republican candidate.

The New York *Post* charges that Greeley was a Know-Nothing as well as Henry Wilson, and that in Sept., 1854, he addressed a Know-Nothing meeting at Kingston.

The Kansas Republican congressional convention met at Lawrence Wednesday and renominated D. P. Lowe, Wm. A. Phillips, and S. A. Cobb, the two latter for Congressmen at large. The contest for candidate for Governor was very bitter, and resulted on the 10th ballot in the nomination of T. O. Osborne.

George Francis Train was in high glee over the Louisville adjournment. He telegraphed:

COLUMBUS DEPOT, Sept. 5.—Presidential Convention, Train League Headquarters, New York,—Busted Convention. People cheering Train, hooting Duncan. Everybody laughing. St. Nicholas to-morrow. Oceanic Saturday. Victory November.

NEXT PRESIDENT AMERICA.

☞A scoundrel named Chas. Witham, of Kennebunkport, on Tuesday, called at the house of Mrs. Abigail Foss, of Lyman, a lady seventy-four years of age, and asked for a drink of water, which was readily furnished. After drinking the water he knocked the old lady down and in spite of her cries and struggles effected his vile purpose. He then got into his wagon and drove away. The old lady tottered to her nearest neighbor and told her story, when the neighborhood was aroused and the rascal pursued, but up to this time he has not been caught. Officers are on his track and his arrest is considered certain. Witham is only 22 years of age.

☞Jeremiah Cushing, a prominent citizen of Camden, died of apoplexy on Friday night of last week. He had been a member of Amity Lodge of Masons for over fifty years. He acted a prominent part in the order during the crusade against it in the time of Morgan. By trade he was a ship carver, and in the shipbuilding days of Camden he won a wide reputation as a master workman.

☞We are informed that Jonathan Platts, aged 90 years, a resident of Wilton, still carries on his own farm, enjoys excellent health and can make a basket as quick as any man in town.

A SAD ACCIDENT. A sad accident occurred in Eliot, on Friday last, the circumstances of which are as follows: A young lady named Sargent, whose parents live in Boston, had been spending a few weeks with her aunt in an uncle as far as Eliot post office to deposit a letter. On their return, when near home, the man got out, and leaving the young woman in the wagon, climbed over the wall to pick up some apples, when the horse became frightened and ran away at a furious rate towards the house, leading to which was a gateway where there was a large and small gate, the former being closed and the latter open. The affrighted animal dashed wildly through this small aperture, wide enough only to admit the horse, bringing the carriage so forcibly against the large gate posts as to throw Miss Sargent some fifteen feet into a wood-pile by the roadside, striking her head and fatally injuring her so that she died on Saturday at noon.

It is said that the victim of this sad accident was a young lady of remarkable sweetness of disposition and beloved by every one who knew her. Her mother had a premonition of the death of her daughter, insomuch that she warned the relatives at whose house the young lady was stopping, not to leave her child in a carriage alone with the horse attached, as she feared that some accident might thereby befall her.

☞Accounts from the western parts of the State show that much damage was done by lightning during the thunder storm, Sunday afternoon. In addition to the damage in Gardiner and Pittston to which we have referred in another column, we learn that a barn belonging to Frank Houdlet of Dresden, was struck and burned with all its contents. In Hiram, two barns containing each forty tons of hay were destroyed, belonging to Mr. Wadsworth. In Bethel, one barn with its contents of hay, farming tools and one cow, was burned, another barn full of hay was blown over. Many fences and sheds were prostrated and large quantities of glass broken by hail. The barn of widow Preble in South Auburn was struck and the lightning fell upon it with terrible effect, almost destroying half the structure in a moment. The fire at once enveloped the barn and communicated to two adjacent sheds which were destroyed. The neighbors, in the meantime, gathered in large numbers and worked nobly, saving the house from destruction. The barn was destroyed so suddenly that no portion of its contents were saved. Twenty-five tons of hay, a horse, three wagons, all the farming utensils, pung, sleigh, harnesses, carriages, robes, &c., were destroyed. Even all the hens and turkeys were "roasted" and lost.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE BOARD. Prof. Henry and Major Elliot, respectively Chairman and Engineer Secretary of the Light-House Board, Sir Frederic Arrow, Capt. Webb and E. P. Edwards of the Trinity Branch Light-House Board of London, and a Captain of the Brazilian Navy, a commissioner from that Government have been in session at Fort Scammel testing the most available fog signal. Gen. Duane's experiments have placed our government in advance of all others in fog signals and they have tested Daboll's trumpet, the Siren, and the 10 inch, 12 inch and 18 inch steam whistle. The great object seems to be to find some signal by which sound can be conducted a long distance in damp weather. The trumpets were worked by steam and by compressed air.

THIRTEENTH MAINE RE-UNION. The re-union of the 13th Maine Regiment took place on Tuesday of last week, and was celebrated by an excursion to Peaks' Island, where an excellent breakfast and clam-bake was got up by Trefethen of the Montreal House, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. There were thirty-two members of the regiment present, representing all the companies. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Colonel Henry Rust of Haverhill, President; Major A. Grover of Bethel, Vice President; W. E. Simmons, Portland, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. S. C. Gordon of Portland, Capt. A. P. Goodwin of Biddeford, Capt. J. S. P. Ham, Lewiston, Dr. J. M. Bates of Yarmouth, J. C. Chilcott, Sullivan, Executive Committe.

POLYGAMY VS. LICENTIOUSNESS. These two sexual evils have come to direct conflict in Utah. The Gentiles say that polygamy must cease; and the Mormons are equally hostile to licentiousness. Recently the Mormons made a raid upon a house of ill fame at Salt Lake City and destroyed property to the amount of $10,000. In this matter the Saints certainly have the best of the case. If a man will not marry and be true to one wife, he should be forced to marry every woman he consorts with. They should have a claim on his property and name, and their children should be his children and heir his property. We think this would diminish into small degree this social evil.

BILLINGSGATE. Editors who want to be scurrilous ought to go the whole figure and adopt the following as a model:

Louisiana journalists indulge in these horrid words of each other: "In a two column editorial, the sneaking cur who edits that lying, incendiary, blackguard, piratical, loathsome sheet, known (to only a few) as the Atakapas *Register*, howls over the imaginary crimes of the good people of Franklin in a manner like unto the gibbering Fan idiot; the incoherent ravings of a mad man, or the demoniacal bellowings of an imp of Satan, the phosphorescent gleam of whose bloated carcass furnishes him with the only light that his rheumy eyes are likely to have this side of the lurid flames of his predestined residence in perdition."

R. R. LAW. By the laws of Maine a railroad is, on request, to draw over its road the cars of any other railroad connecting with it at reasonable times, and for a toll not exceeding its ordinary rates; when it neglects the connecting road may run cars with its own engines over the road. It was under this law that the Boston and Maine Railroad had the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad enjoined last year, and the latter road will doubtless run its cars over the Boston and Maine extension under this provision, giving the passengers over the Eastern Railroad equal facilities for reaching Old Orchard Beach with those to be enjoyed by passengers over the Boston and Maine road.

☞The Biddeford *Times* records a chapter of accidents in Biddeford. A man nearly cut his foot off while butting logs at Hobson's Mill. A young man on the York Corporation caught his hand in a pulley, tearing the flesh of the wrist in a terrible manner. Mr. George Emmons was severely injured Saturday while engaged in hoisting a large piece of granite. The tongs holding the stone slipped, and the huge piece of granite fell upon one of Mr. Emmons' feet, mangling and crushing the flesh and bones in a horrible manner, and making, in surgical parlance, a compound and cominuted fracture.

☞A new passenger car, "No. 39," has just been completed at the Augusta shops of the Maine Central Railroad Co. The inside is finished with Hungarian ash and black walnut with elegant carving and tasteful gilt work, and there are thirty-three patent seats, upholstered with crimson and green. The windows are not hampered by springs, but run with weights. In almost every respect it is as comfortable as a palace car.

☞Mr. E. C. Douglass of West Gardiner, was driving his horse out of the field and carrying a scythe in his hand. Wanting the horse to step along faster he touched him with the scythe when the animal kicked, striking the scythe, knocking it into his face, gashing his chin and cutting out a large piece of flesh, which hung suspended by the skin, directly under and within half an inch of his eye, and also striking him in the stomach, rendering him insensible.

Gen. Henry Sewall's Diary.—No. 11.

1776 to 1783.

West Point, January 1780.

(He was engaged in muster troops and making out abstracts most of the month. ED.)

"Ye silken sons of pleasure visit here and breathe awhile, from your debauch. Behold the virtue of American soldiers living in tents at this severe season."

Thursday 27. At Fishkill. Had intelligence that the Quarter Master's Store at West Point was burned last night by accident. Returned by the way of New Windsor, dined at Mr. Bedlow's, was agreeably entertained with Miss Caty's performance on the *Forte Piano*. Proceeded to West Point where I found this morning's intelligence but too true. The conflagration consumed the chief of my baggage, military etiquette, muster rolls of my regiments and all my private papers except what few I happen to have with me.

"Whatever is, is right."

Lodged at Mr. Nelson's, experienced a recent proof of the unbounded goodness of this family. "A stranger and they took me in."

Friday 28. Wrote a letter to His Excellency General Washington in behalf of myself and fellow sufferers, requesting relief from the public Stores of clothing.

Sunday 30. Rode in a sleigh to Mrs. Haights at Fishkill with Capt. Pray &c. where I took quarters.

Monday 31. Went to Fishkill Barracks. Got my new coat which by being at the Taylor's was saved (from the fire.)

February Thursday 3d. Rode in a sleigh to West Point. Rec'd information of the dissolution of the Mustering department by letter from Colo. Ward. Rec'd 18 pairs of leather breeches of Lt. Patterson sent by the State for the officers of the 12 Regt.

Sunday 6. Read Hervey's meditations among the tombs &c.

Sunday 13. Went to Fishkill Barracks and took command of the 12 Regt. being the senior officer in camp.

Wednesday 16. Made return of the Regiment for State Stores on which we drew one pound sugar and half a pound of coffee to each ration.

Saturday 19. Got an order on the P. M. Genl. for 4800 dollars to pay continental bounties to reenlisted soldiers in the Regt.

Sunday 20. Mrs. Mandeville made me a present of a pair of new stockings which she had caused to be knit purposely for me. This act of disinterested generosity, joined to the former kindnesses of this venerable lady must be written in letters of perpetual remembrance on the grateful table of my heart. Capt. Williams arrived and took command of the Regt.

Monday 21. Being chosen by the officers of the Regt. to sit in committee with the officers of the line and answer two circular letters from our committee at Boston, proceeded in the business, accomplished it and returned in the evening.

Tuesday 22. Walked to the Landing & to the D. P. M. Genl. but could get no money. Rained.

Monday 28. Sat on a regimental court martial. Entered with Mr. London for a quarter's reading from his Library and deposited 40 dollars.

March, Wednesday 1. Capt. Williams presented me with a new shirt and Capt. Hitchcock with new linen to make another. I am under Indispensible obligations to these my brethren for this timely supply. But how shall I sufficiently admire the source, the propitious care of Heaven, "Naked and ye clothed me."

Sunday 5. At West Point. Rec'd from Genl. Patterson 4876 dollars from the State to recruit the 12 Regt.

Sunday 14. Returned. Met in the road a span of horses who had broke away from some carriage, dragging a negro man by one leg on the ground, in full career. Stopped the horses and relieved the negro who appeared unhurt, which seemed almost a miracle.

Wednesday 15. Read the 5th and last volume of "the Fool of Quality." This novel is very beautifully interspersed with moral and religious sentiments & the tender sensibilities of humanity. (Miss Hannah Mandeville was married to Mr. Jacob Nelson.)

Thursday 16. Snowed. "Melancholy's sadly-pleasing form stood by in sable robe."

Tuesday 21. Went to the D. P. M. Genl's. at New Windsor and drew by Warrant 4800 dollars for continental bounties for those soldiers who had reenlisted during the war in the 12th. Dined to Mr. Bedlows. Returned to Fishkill Landing and lodged at the widow Haight's. (and her gratitude obliges me to rank this woman among the number of my real friends.) "In distress she ministered unto me."

Wednesday 22. Returned to Fishkill Barracks. Bot a sword which Capt. Page had obligingly reserved for me. Paid 500 dollars Sent it to the Cutters to be put in repair.

Sunday 26. Mr. Mason preached in one of the Barracks; attended with the officers and soldiers of the Regt., after which walked with Mr. Whiting to Colo. Griffins and spent the remainder of the day with the Colo's. daughter, who can furnish other subjects of conversation than *yes & no* and who was not ashamed to discuss with freedom on morality & religion.

Monday 27. Bot knee and a stock buckles for 60 dollars each.

Friday 31. Returned from the landing and attended the funeral of Lt. Fenton of the 13th Mass. Regt., who died in the hospital here of the wounds received in a skirmish with the enemy on the lines about a week ago.

April, Friday 1. Read "Something New" two volumes.

Friday 15. Capt. Remick arrived and brot a letter from Bro. Daniel, dated March 18 containing a sketch of my family arms.

Thursday 18. Wrote my brother Daniel. Walked to Fishkill Landing and took passage by water with Capt. Pray &c to West Point, where I attended with a large number of officers the exhibition of the tragedy of Cato, and thought it was admirably well performed. Plays are doubtless designed originally to improve the actors in the elegant and useful talent of public speaking; to exhibit virtue in all its genuine endearing charms, and vice in all its abhorent deformities thereby to increase our esteem for one and detestation of the other; and it would be well if the attractive beauties of the former were never over balanced by the latter. In young untutored minds attending plays will have the same effect as travelling the wide, wide world without a guardian, the feeble force of unassisted virtue will not be sufficient to repel the fascinating power of vice. It requires not only a mature judgment but a judicious monitor to advise what to choose & what to reject—to collect the honey and reject the poison.

Wednesday 18. Anniversary of the commencement of hostilities.

Monday 24. Got my sword of Mr. Bailey, paid 100 dollars for mending.

Friday 28. Presided at a court of enquiry to Lt. Foot.

May, Tuesday 2. Went over to the clothing store at Newbury but could find nothing there suitable to my wants. Lodged with Capt. Pray.

Wednesday 3. Walked with Capt. Pray to Colo. Strouts. Lodged there.

Thursday 4. Crossed the river to West Point. Attended the stated communication of Washington Lodge, delivered an oration there. What is diffidence? Is it a virtue or a vice? It is doubtless a sense of one's own inabilities and a consciousness of the superiority of others. If so, it must rather be ranked among the virtues than the vices. However it is a great impediment to public speaking.

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The Markets.

Cattle Markets.

AT WATERTOWN, MEDFORD AND BRIGHTON.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.

At market for the current week—Cattle 3357; Sheep and Lambs 13,708; Swine 12,300; number of Western Cattle 2057. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen, 109.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight. Extra quality $8 00@8 50; first quality $7 25@7 75; second quality $6 25@7 00; third quality $4 50@5 50; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 00@4 50.

Brighton Hides—9½c per lb. Brighton Tallow 6a 6½c per lb.

Country Hides—9c per lb. Country Tallow 5a5½c per lb.

Calf Skins 16a18c per lb. Sheep Skins $1@1 25; Lamb Skins $1@1 25; Dairy Skins 75c@1 00 each.

The trade this week is not so good as it was last. The quality of the Western cattle not much different, there being a large portion of them of a common grade but a few Texas cattle among them. Prices have fallen off full 50c per cwt. from last week. The supply from the West was not much different, but there were more Northern Cattle, for which the trade has not been so active as it was last week, a large number of the Northern Cattle being driven over from Watertown to be disposed of. There are not any Cattle in market from Maine, buyers being here purchasing Beeves for the Maine markets.

Working Oxen—Not much call for them and but a few pairs in market. Usually, at this season of the year there is a large supply of workers in market. We quote sales—1 pr. gin: 7 ft. 2 in. $205; 1 pr. 7 ft. $185; 1 pr. 7 ft. $190; 1 pr. 6 ft 8 in $165; 1 pr 6 ft 10 in $175; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in. $160; 1 pr 6 ft 7 in. $165.

Store Cattle—Nearly all the small cattle that are in a fair condition are bought up by the butchers to slaughter, but a few being held for stores.

Milch cows—Extra $95 a $90; ordinary $25 a $50; store cows. $16 a $50 per head or much according to their value for Beef. Nearly all the cows that are offered in market for sale are of a common grade.

Sheep and Lambs—The supply from the West was larger than it has been for several weeks past. Western sheep cost from 4 to 6½c per lb; lambs from 8 to 9c per lb. There was a large lot of Northern sheep in market this week, selling at prices much below those obtained one week ago.

Swine—Store pigs, wholesale, 5 to 5½c: retail 6 to 7c; but a few in market. Fat hogs, 12,200 at market; prices, 5¾ to 6c per lb.

Wool Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.

The market for domestic Wool is dull, but in prices no material change since last week, although the tendency is still in favor of buyers. Manufacturers are purchasing only as wanted, and prices are low and unsatisfactory. The sales of domestic have been 500, 000 lbs. and include 170,000 lbs Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio at 59a64c; 20,000 lbs combing fleeces as 70a 73c; delain selections 64a65c; 40,000 lbs Georgia at 49c; small lots of do 65a66c; California at 20a 30c for fall, and 45a52½c for spring; and pulled from 50a71½ per lb, including Eastern and Maine super at 65a71½c per lb. Foreign wool has been in fair demand, and prices remain about the same. Sales of 65,000 lbs Cape at 37a39c; 45,000 lbs at 36c; 25,000 lbs do auction at 35½c; 1,750,000 lbs Mestiza at 38a55c; 100,000 lbs Mestiza pulled at 55c; 50,000 lbs do quality; 80,000 lbs Australian at 33a38c; 4500 lbs East India on private terms 2000 lbs course foreign at 47½c; 15,000 lbs Cape pulled at 65c; and 11,000 lbs Montevideo, part at 45c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 11.

Flour and Grain—The market for Flour is firm, but the demand has been moderate with sales as follows: Western superfine at $5 5a5 60; common extras a $6 75a7 00; Milwaukee and Minnesota extras at $7 00a 9 5½; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $8 00a 9 25; Illinois at $8@9 75; and St. Louis at $9 00a11 00 per bbl., including choice family brands. Southern flour is quietand firm at $6 75a$12 00 per barrel for common extras and choice family. Corn is firm and we quote at 71a72c for yellow, and 68a70c per bush for Western mixed. Oats are selling at 45a60c per bush for common and choice Western. Rye $1a$1 8 per bush. Shorts, $21; Fine Feed and Middlings, $22 00a23 per ton.

Provisions.—Pork is firm and has been selling at $16 25a17 00 for prime; $19 00a20 50 mess; and $21 00a 19 00 per bbl for clear. Beef has been sold at $10 00a 12 for mess and extra mess, and $14a15 00 for family. Lard 9a10c per lb for city and Western; and 9c@10c Hams 14a16c per lb. Butter sells at 18a28c per lb; and Cheese at 11a14c per lb for common and prime.

Produce—White Beans quiet, prices unchanged. The arrivals of new beans have been small. Some call has been in better demand and prices have advanced to 2a28c per doz. Potatoes have been more active and firmer, with sales at 60a65c per bush, and $2 25a2 50 per bbl. Apples are plenty and very good quality have been sold at $2a2 25 per bbl. Peaches have been selling at $1a1 00 per crate, as to quality.

Hay—The market for hay is dull and sales limited. Prices range from $28 a per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.

Cotton.—Sales 1955 bales—middling uplands $21¼.

Flour—Sales 90,000 bbls—State and Western unchanged; State $4 90@7 90; Ohio $5@8 40; Round Hoop Ohio, $7 15@9 25 Southern $7 30@12 25.

Wheat—Winter Red Western, $1 48@1 62; No 2, Spring, $1 04@1 05. Sales, 168,000 bushels.

Corn—Shade firmer— sales 265,000 bush.—mixed western, steamer, 63a63½; sail, do., 63¼@64.

Oats—easier—sales 54,000 bushels—Ohio 46a52; Western 44a46½.

Pork—quiet—sales 600 bbls—New mess 14 10; Prime do., 11 00a11 50.

Lard—quiet at 81a8¾ for new No. 1 to prime steam; 9¾ for kettle.

Bitter—steady—State, 22a27.

Molasses—quiet—Clayed, 28@31; Porto Rich, 30.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.

Money at 4 per cent.
Gold at 113¾.
Government securities closed at the following quotations:

United States Fives, new 110½; Sixes (coupons) 1881, 115½; 5-20s, 1862, 113; 1864, 113½; 1865, 113¾; 1865 (new) 112½; 1867, 112½; 1868, 112¾; 10-40s, 107½; Currency Sixes, 112.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1872.

Apples—An abundance in market, and common cooking are now quoted at 25a30c; eating 60a75c.

Butter—Very little change in our market, the supply being good and prices uniform at our previous quotations—22a25c for good—a choice article commanding 30a32c.

Beans—New Beans are coming in plenty at $3 25 for Yellow Eyes, and $3 75 for Pea.

Cheese—Choice Livermore 18a20c; country made, 12a15c.

Flour—Superfine to common extra, $8 50a9 00; good $9 00a10 00; choice Western $9 50a10 50; St. Louis favorite brands $13 00a13 50.

Grain—Corn, 77a80c; Barley 80; new oats 50c; old oats, 60a62½c; Rye $1 00

Hay—Market during the past week sufficiently well supplied for local demands; sales $13 00a14 00.

Hides and Skins—Hides 8a9c; calf skins, nominal, at 17a20. Lamb skins, 75a$1 00c.

Lime—$1 55 per cask.

Meal—Corn for meal, rough; rye, $1,10 per bu.

Produce—Potatoes are now quoted at 35a40c; Eggs 20a22; no domestic lardwby the tierce, rendered, 10¼ allic.

Seeds.—Herds Grass, $3@4 00a4 25.

Shorts—$2 00 per 100 pounds—less in large quantities.

Provisions—Beef by the side, 8a10c; round hog, 7a 8c; clear salt pork, $16 00a18 00 per bbl., fowl, 18a20c; veal, none in the market; mutton, 8a10c per lb; Chicken turkeys 16a17; Spring lamb by the carcass, 14a15c per lb.; Boston cured hams 18a20c; Spring chickens, 20a23c.

Wood—Dry hard, $7 00a7 50; mill wood, $3 50a4 00

Wool.—Nominal in local market—sales of washed. 55a60c.

Portland Market.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.

Apples—are plenty; Eating are selling at $2 00a3 00, and Cooking at $1 50 per bbl. Dried apples are in demand at 9a11c for Western and 10a13c for Eastern cored and sliced.

Beans—The demand continues steady and prime Eastern are scarce. We quote hand picked pea and yellow eyed beans at $4 00a4 25.

Butter—Prime Vermont and New York is selling at 25a30 cents for tubs. Store is selling from 14a18c.

Cheese—firm—New factory is selling at 11½ to 13½.—There is a good supply and demand.

Fish—are in good demand, with light stock.—We quote Large shore, $5 50a5 75; large bank, $5 25a 5 50; small, $3 25a3 75; pollock, $4 00a4 50; hake, $1 50 a2 00 per quint; herring, $3 00a4 50 per barrel; scaled, per box, 30a35; mackerel, per bbl., No. 3 to No. 1, $8 to 15 50.

Flour—Old is firm. New is coming in freely, and prices are unchanged. We quote Superfine, $6 00a 6 50; Spring X and XX, $7 00a8 00; Michigan Winter X and XX, $9 00a10 00; Illinois X and XX $7 50a8 00; St. Louis X and XX, $8 00a10 00.

Grain—We quote mixed corn at 70a72c, and yellow at 75a75c, with a large demand. Oats are dull, at 50 a 55c, the feed at $22 per ton, and corn at $26a28.

Hay—Dealers are paying $15a20 per ton for prime new. Pressed is selling on the stand at $25 per ton. Baled straw is selling at $18a20 per ton for prime.

Lard—The market is dull for prime Western. Per tierce, 9¼@10c per lb; per keg 10½c.

Lime—The market is firm at $1 40 pr cask for Rockland. Cement, $2 35a2 40.

Plaster—Soft per ton, $2 75; hard, $2 50. Ground in bbls, $6 00a9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75a3 00.

Produce—The market is quiet. We quote beef side at 10 a 12c; veal 10a12; mutton 10a12c; Chickens in lots, 24a26c; Turkeys, 18a20c; Eggs, 22a23c; Potatoes 45 to 55 per bush; Onions, $1@1 75 per crate.

Provisions—The market for beef and pork is steady, and prices are well maintained. Mess Beef, Chicago, $10 00a12 00; Extra Mess, 12 50a14 50; Plate, 13a15; Extra Plate, $15 00a16 00; Pork backs, $19 00; clear, 18 00; mess, 16 00; Hams, 15a17c.

Salt—Unchanged. We quote Turks Island per hundred $2 50a2 75; Liverpool, duty paid, $2 50a2 87½; Syracuse, $3 00; Ground Butter, 20c per box.

Bangor Produce Market.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.

Beans—Very few are found in the market. Good clean lots of yellow eyes worth $4 00a4 25, and pea beans $3 75a4 00 per bush.

Butter—A nice article of butter is scarce on account of the very warm weather and is worth 25a 28c, and is in fair supply.

Eggs—Are in good demand, and selling at 23 cents per dozen.

Hay—The best qualities of new loose sell at $10 to 12.

Grain—Oats, not plenty and selling at 60a65 per bush. Corn, 74a77c. Rye is worth $1 25 per bush.

Potatoes—Market well supplied, and are selling at 55 to 60 per bush.

Provisions—Round hogs, 7a7½; lambs, 12a15.

Wool, 4c. The best quality of wool is worth 50a55 cts per pound, and lamb skins $1, and veal skins 20c; hides are worth from 7½ to 8c per lb,

Foreign News.

GREAT BRITAIN. The steamship Minnesota, which sailed from Liverpool for New York, took out six hundred Mormon emigrants for Utah, the majority of whom were Scandinavians.—The *Observer* discredits the various statements hitherto made by the press of the amount of damages awarded by the Geneva Tribunal as premature, but says that there can be no doubt that at the final sitting Saturday the amount was practically determined, and it estimates also that the gross sum will probably be about three million pounds sterling.—There has been a further advance in the prices of English coal. Twenty thousand miners of the Midland coal mines are preparing to strike for an increase of wages.

FRANCE. No popular demonstrations were made anywhere on the anniversary of the proclamation of the French Republic. Troops in were kept under arms at the barracks as a precautionary measure. Banquets in honor of the day were given here, at Lyons, Tolouse and other cities, but were of a semi-private character.—A dispatch from Marseilles announces that the conflagration in the forests around Marcel is extinguished and the village safe.—President Thiers has decided to provide a residence for the Pope at Campiegne, France, the Spanish government having protested against the establishment of the papal refugee at Pau, on account of its proximity to the Spanish frontier.—The reports received by the government of the assassination of its agent and other French citizens in Paraguay are fully confirmed.—Dispatches from Bayonne report all quiet on the Spanish frontier and no indications of Carlist movements. Carlists are leaving the frontier provinces for Switzerland and the north of France.—The Government of Spain is negotiating with bankers in Paris for a loan of $50,000,000.—President Thiers has ordered that public banquets or popular demonstrations of any kind be prohibited on the 21st and 22d of September.

SPAIN. An organized agitation against slavery will soon be inaugerated. A series of public meetings will be held at Madrid, Seville, Barcelona and other large cities. Petitions for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies will be concluded, and as soon as the Cortes meets will be presented to that body for prompt action.—The new Senate will consist of 141 Ministerialists and 18 Opposition members.—

The Carlist bandits are making requisitions for food and arms on the inhabitants of Catalonia.—The *Inqualidad*, in replying to the suggestions of the English journals, indignantly repudiates the idea that Spain will part with the island of Cuba on any considerations.—The report that the Spanish Government had requested the recall of General Sickles, American Minister, is formally contradicted, and in official circles it is well known that the Minister's relations with the Spanish Government are of the friendliest character.—The budget to be submitted to the new Cortes shows a deficit of 2,260,000,000 reals. The new loan contemplated will meet the wants of the Treasury.—An express train on the Valencia Railway was thrown from the track between Taragona and Tortona, by a land slip. The cars were overturned and demolished. Many passengers were killed. Among the dead are a General and a newly elected Senator.

GERMANY. The Imperial coterie at Berlin are now in full festal-tide. The Emperor of Austria arrived Thursday, and was received with the same demonstrations accorded to the Russian Czar. Visits and banquets in the various palaces are the order of the day. The only thing which looks like political fugling is the continued interviewing which the Czar receives from Bismarck. That arch-diplomat, accompanied by Gortschakoff, had a long interview with Alexander. Moltke and Wrangel have arrived in Berlin. The *Provincial Oorrespondent* (semi-official organ) says that the meeting of the Emperors at Berlin has not for its object a mere exchange of assurances of personal friendship. Its purpose is to give the world a pledge of the continuance of *entente cordiale* between Germany, Austria and Russia, and unmistakable evidence that the three great neighboring Empires of Eastern Europe have accepted the new order of things growing out of Sedan and other German battlefields. Europe may rely that the aim of the conference is peace, although the festivities attending it may be largely of a military character. This triple concord means a maintenance of the peaceful and settled condition of Europe.

AUSTRIA. The Hungarian Diet was opened by Emperor Francis Joseph. His speech from the throne urges perseverance in the internal reform, and congratulates the Kingdom and Empire on the happy relation with foreign powers.—Dr. Th. Pauler, late Minister of public instruction, has been appointed Ministe of Justice.

HOLLAND. The session of Congress of the Internationals at the Hague has terminated with a secret meeting, and decided New York instead of London shall be the seat of the General Council. The next Congress will be held in Switzerland. The delegates are to dine together at Amsterdam, and will subsequently hold public meetings. Sections 2 and 12 of the American branch were refused representation in Congress.—A resolution was introduced expressing in the name of the working classes of the world, admiration for the heroism of the champions who have fallen in battle for the people's rights, and the hope for the freedom of all people still in chains.—The resolution was unanimously adopted. The President of the Congress in a violent speech denounced General Trochu as a traitor to his country and called Jules Favre a wretch.—Mr. George of New York made a speech ridiculing the meeting of the Emperors at Berlin.—A large number of French Communists have been attracted hither by the meeting of the General Congress of the Internationals. It is stated also that a number of condemned criminals were present incognito.

SWITZERLAND. The village of Zeruatz in the canton of Grisons, was nearly destroyed by fire Friday night. One hundred and twenty houses besides many stables and out buildings were burned.

EGYPT. No Egyptian force has entered the Abyssinian territory, as has been asserted. Troops were stationed on the frontier some time ago to prevent incursions by the Abyssinians, and they have orders not to cross it. Owing to the threatening attitude of Prince Kassel, the frontier army has been reinforced with 4000 men.

MEXICO. Comez Palacions declines to accept the Ministry of the Interior, offered by Lerdo. The rupture in the mixed Commission occasions much comment. Guzman's course is not approved, and it is rumored that Lerdo will remove him.

Diaz demands as a condition of submission to the Government that amnesty be extended to the parties now excluded, and that the election be postponed so that all can participate in the election of members to Congress. Diaz offers all his influence in favor of peace. President Lerdo was to extend the amnesty terms, but refused to comply with the rest of Diaz's demand.

The Guferro insurgents continue to refuse the amnesty.

THE NEW DOMINION. The vote from the different Provinces shows the following as the probable complexion of the next Parliament: Ministerial, 59: Opposition, 59; Independent, 22. Sir Francis Hincks, who was candidate for Parliament from Ontario and defeated there, has been returned from Vancouver; but Carter was defeated so badly in Montreal that he has failed to find a constituency anywhere, and is now unseated.

CUBA. The ship Jacques Servin, Capt. Hue, from Macao, April 6, arrived on the 4th instant, bringing a cargo of Chinese. The Chinamen mutinied shortly after leaving Macao, and it is reported that the Captain killed several of them. Whippings were practiced during the entire passage. The survivors on landing presented a sickening appearance. Many were unable to walk.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING. The electric fluid has played many curious freaks during the past season, and among them is the following from one of our exchanges:

"The electric fluid entered at a window in the second story where a boy lay in bed, but not asleep. It leaped across the room to the wall, crossing the bed where the boy lay, and tore both the sheets on the bed into fragments, scorching one badly, but leaving the boy unharmed. It ripped lath and plastering from the wall and scattered all over the room. Then it descended to the lower floor, and into a closet, smashing a large quantity of crockery. It hurled two lamps from a mantle-piece in the kitchen across the room, overturned and smashed a clock on the other side of the chimney, and then separated into three bolts, two of which went down through a brick hearth into the cellar, while a third went out at the side of the house, ripping the boards in pieces. The boy, wild with fear, came running down stairs, entirely naked, and don't recollect whether he took off his night-shirt himself or whether the lightning took it off for him. He was unharmed, not even stunned. He said that he lay 'cuddled' down into the bed (a large feather bed) with the clothes drawn up over his head so that he could not see the lightning, and that there was a noise as if some one had fired a cannon in his ears, that there was burning heat and a general tumbling up of everything, and that he thought he had staid there about long enough, and so went down stairs."

STARVING PREFERRED TO HANGING. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* relates the following:

Another murderer who was sentenced to be hung has just succeeded in cheating the gallows by starving himself to death. I remember hearing of a case of this kind in Massachusetts a few months ago, but there I believe the man did not succeed, and was hanged, His English confrere was more successful. His name was Jas. Flynn, and he was sentenced to death for the murder of a woman. He received his sentence on the first of August and from that moment he refused to take his food, and died on the day he was to be hanged which was the 12th inst.. It seems, therefore that a strong man in good health, can live only twelve days without food.

On the first night the governor of the prison did not think there was any determination on the part of the prisoner to refuse food, but that his appetite had merely forsaken him for the time being through the severity of the sentence. On the following day, however, Flynn still persistently refused to eat anything and the governor called the attention of the surgeon to the matter. The surgeon advised that he should be tried at the breakfast time the following day, and if he still continued in his determination to reject food means should be taken to compel him. Contrary to the expectations of the surgeon he still held out, and it was decided to bring the stomach-pump into requisition.

Up to this time the man had conducted himself with more sullenness than violence, but when he saw the surgeon and his attendants at the door of his cell with the stomach-pump he seized a stool, and swinging it over his head, swore that he would knock out the brains of any one who even attempted to enter his cell. They were thus held at bay for some time, but the warden who had been in attendance on Flynn watched his opportunity, and seized the prisoner around the arms and body and pinioned him, while the surgeon and his attendants succeeded in placing the pipe of the instrument down the man's throat.

Finding himself baffled in his attempts not to allow the use of the instrument, he now became exceedingly violent, and worked his head in so ferocious a manner that the interior of his throat was lacerated so much that the surgeon found it useless to attempt to use the pipe again. After this the prisoner's boots were removed and slippers supplied to him; for seeing the mood he was in, it was thought he might make use of them as weapons of violence. On the day following, as indeed every day since his sentence, the Governor endeavored to induce him to partake of food, and sent to his own residence for tea and bread and butter to give the man. This also was refused, Flynn taking just a sufficient quantity of the tea to moisten his throat and lips, but leaving the solids untouched. He died on the twelfth day and strangely enough, his body was found to be only slightly emaciated.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN ERIE PA. There was a disastrous fire at Erie Pennsylvania, last week of which the following are some of the particulars:

The Reed House caught fire a little after 9 o'clock, in the fourth story; it is supposed that the fire was incendiary; the firemen were tardy in getting on the ground, and were much embarrassed by the bursting of the hose. About half an hour expired after the alarm was given before the engines were playing with any perceptible effect. Efforts to confine the fire to this building were successful, though the fire was not under control till 5 o'clock this morning. The boarders lost most of their effects, but the loss of the occupants of 12 stores and offices on the first floor is covered by insurance. The Reed House and furnitnre cost about $260,000. There was $100,000 insnrance on the building and $17,500 on the furniture. The outside walls and most of the inside walls are standing. It is believed that it can be rebuilt for $120,000. Loss on furniture, exclusive of insurance, is about $38,000. The other losses are Caughery, McCreary & Maghead, books and stationery; Difendorf & Cross, dry goods; John N. Justice, clothing; J. Viers & Co., druggists; Briscue & Vicillus, jewelers. Their individual losses cannot be ascertained. The total loss is estimated at $300,000; itsurance heavy, mostly in Eastern companies.

The insurance companies which suffer losses by the burning of the Reed House, are as follows: Liverpool, London and Globe $15,000; Royal of Liverpool $10,000; Imperial of London $10,000; the Hartford, $8,250; North British and Mercantile, $8,000; Queen of Liverpool, $7,000; Etna, Hartford, $7,000; Phœnix, Hartford, $6,000; Commercial Union, London, $5,000; Springfield, Mass., $5,000; National Hartford, $4,500; National Bangor, $2,500; Union Bangor, $2,000; Eastern Bangor, $2,000; Connecticut, Hartford, $8,000.

ARREST OF BILL FORRESTER. The following relative to the arrest of the supposed Nathan murderer which has been so long a mystery, is from the New York *Herald*:

"The arrest in Washington of the alleged murderer of Mr. Nathan is the most startling news of the day. More than two years have passed away since the victim of one of the foulest crimes on record was found weltering in his blood at his residence, in one of the most frequented streets of New York. A dark mystery has ever since overhung that terrible tragedy. Our baffled guardians of the peace had apparently given up all hopes of finding the author or authors of the murder. Nor does it seem, after all, that the arrest of Billy Forrester, the man with numerous aliases, has brought them nearer to the end; for there is a strong ground for the belief that the police have, on the merest shadow of suspicion, rashly fastened the murder upon Billy Forrester, an unwilling victim to acknowledge themselves beaten might have had something to do with this. Billy Forrester's record is certainly bad enough to convict him of almost any crime merely on appearances—"*comme capable du fait*," as they would do it in a French criminal court. The fact that he has been hiding ever since the night of the murder is so far the strongest evidence against him. It should be remembered, however, that he is a fugitive from justice for various crimes, burglary among the number—crimes numerous and heinous enough to consign him to tender mercies of a State Prison for life. Without being necessarily guilty of the murder of Mr Nathan, he had, therefore, the best of reasons to keep out of the way. Hunted down like a wild beast, he has lived a life of constant dread, wandering about the country to evade capture, which has been accomplished at last. Whether it will be possible to convict him remains, however, yet to be seen."

ENGLISH COMMENT ON THE BELFAST RIOTS. I Belfast had been a city in any country of the Continent, Belfast would throughout the week have been in a state of siege. From Thursday week to Thursday again the Protestant and Catholic mobs have been fighting, shooting each other, killing policemen, stoning soldiers, wrecking houses, beating passengers, and at last, when the criminal classes had awoke to their opportunity, stealing moveable property. The government poured in troops till on Wednesday there were 3200 soldiers and police under arms, but they were embarrassed by the difficulty, the want of confidence in the magistracy. Nothing would have convinced either side that magistrates of the opposite creed could be fair; and the magistrates, aware of this, were afraid of taking any responsibility whatever. The government sent down stipendiaries, but they were embarrassed by the local justices, and the rioters were consequently allowed to wear themselves out, without ever receiving that single sharp volley which in New York would have terminated the war. The loss of life has not been great, but the number of wounds has been excessive; scores of families have been compelled to leave their houses to reside among men of their own creed, and the burglars are gorged with plunder. The whole affair has been most disgraceful to Belfast and those who govern it.—*London Spectator of August* 24.

INDIAN TROUBLES. The following is among the latest intelligence from the Indian Teritory: "A dispatch from Sioux City says part of a band of Indians engaged in a fight with Maj. Baker's forces in the Yellowstone valley, came into Cheyenne Agency a few days ago and reported that the fight was very severe and the troops lost heavily, over 40 being killed and wounded, while the Indian loss was only 11. They report that Baker is so badly crippled that he is obliged to return to Fort Ellis without having accomplished the mission of his expedition.

Gen. Stanley sent a detachment back to Fort Rice a few days since for supplies, and they report that just prior to their departure "Sitting Bull" sent in a flag of truce and asked for a parley with Gen. Stanley, which was granted. At the interview Sitting Bull declared that if Stanley did not turn back at once, he would give him plenty of fight before he got back to the Mission. It is estimated that there are now in the Yellowstone Valley from 15,000 to 20,000 hostile warriors, and serious trouble is apprehended. Many of these Indians are Cheyennes and Arrapahoes from the Platte Valley, with a large band of Ogallala Sioux.

ORES IN VERMONT. Recent observations have been made in Vermont, by one of the leading geologists of Boston, with the intent to verify the report of the existence of large amounts of iron ore in the northern portion of the State, The quantity of this ore seems inexhaustible from recent discoveries and scientific researches. The State has also valuable lead deposits.

A STANGE SUICIDE. We are indebted to the Belfast *Journal* for the following: In 1861 there lived in Bangor a physician named Wm. H. Jewett, a well educated and intelligent man, who enjoyed a good practice. An ardent democrat he shared the persecutions which at that time were bestowed upon those of his political faith, until in disgust he abandoned his practice, packed up his effects and left the place. After some wanderings he settled at North Haven, one of the Fox Islands, in Penobscot bay, where he occupied a house alone. He held little intercourse with the people of the place generally, seeming to brood over the injustice that had driven him from his home. With a few, however, generally young men, he formed acquaintances, and charmed them with the extent and variety of his information, and his flow of conversation. He practiced medicine to a considerable extent, and was known as a skillful tho' eccentric physician. But to the world generally he was cold and reticent, living in a house entirely alone and preparing himself his simple meals. Within a few months he fell ill, and during that time two young women had gone daily to his house to do the work and to look after his comfort. Last week, the editor of this paper, who had known Mr. Jewett only as a subscriber received from him the following letter:

North Haven, Aug., 13, 1872.

WM. H. Simpson Esq. Dear Sir.—If you will send to me the author or the father-in law to the article in your Journal of June 20, 1872, first column,—"Handling and docility of farm stock," I will make him (you endorsing him as the real identical author, or as the man who at heart entertains such feelings,) I will devise to him an amount that will enable him to carry his humane, holy and I hope, heavenly purposes to some notable results, if he needs such help. I think my earthly career is nearly ended. I think that within ten or twelve days I shall cross the river. Let him come soon. I am indebted to the Journal about three fourths of a year. If he comes, send in your bill if you please. And please forward the enclosed letter as directed. Please write me. Yours &c

WILLIAM H. JEWETT.

The article referred to is one showing the advantages of treating animals kindly rather than harshly. The letter enclosed was addressed to the Secretary of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was mailed as requested. A reply to his letter was mailed on the 17th, stating that the real author was unknown—that it had been copied from an agricultural publication not remembered. Before that letter reached its destination the hand that it sought was cold in death. Dr. Jewett had died by one of the strangest suicides ever recorded in the history of self destruction.

On the morning of the 19th, six days after the date of the above letter, he sent one of the young women for two quarts of spirits of turpentine, which was brought to him. At night he retired as early as usual, or not until about 8 o'clock. He told his attendants that they need not call him. What transpired in his room during that long night no mortal knows. But just before the hour fixed for the return of his attendants, acry of fire was raised and smoke and flame were discovered issuing from the house. The persons who rushed to the spot found the doors fastened on the inside. They were burst in. Those who first entered beheld an appalling sight. Stretched upon his bed, with no garment but his shirt, lay the Doctor with the great artery of his leg severed. The blood flooded the bed, and fell in streams to the floor mingled with the turpentine which had been previously poured over the bed and floor. The back portion of the room was a mass of flame. Strong arms seized the bed, and bore the unconscious man to the open air. They laid him by the roadside, and stood around his bed, knowing that no human aid could avail. The red stream of his life blood continued to pour out, a few struggling gasps, and the poor recluse had laid down forever the burden of his sorrows. Kind hands closed his eyes, and composed his limbs. And those unused to weep found tears upon their cheeks as they thought of his silent, solitary, cheerless hermit life and his strangely mysterious death. It re ains for us only to say that the house and all its contents were burned, although his design of being consumed with it was frustrated. Whatever secrets he had are now known to God only.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE METIS DISASTER. The Providence Journal gives the following particulars of an incident of the disaster to the Metis:

Mr. George W. Howard, of Rome, N. Y., it will be remembered, was married at Sharon Springs, N. Y., on Wednesday night, and was on the way to visite a brother in Pawtucket, when he lost his wife by the disaster and was himself saved. He reached his brother's house well nigh exhausted, and the same night what was supposed to be the body of his wife was forwarded there. The initials on a ring were the same as on his wife's ring, though the ring was of a different pattern, but he didn't feel quite satisfied that it was the body of his wife.

Being almost dead himself, and not able to think much about it, he finally concluded it must be her body, and accordingly a coffin was procured, and he started with it on Saturday morning for his home in Rome, N. Y..

His relatives in Pawtucket had never seen his wife and of course could tell nothing about the lady. After he had gone, Saturday morning however, his friends saw by the morning papers that the body of a young lady had been picked up and carried into Newport, with a ring on her finger which answered the description, with the same initials, and with a man's coat on under the preserver, which Mr. Howard had said he so arranged before he left the steamer, and they at once went to Newport with a photograph and identified the body as that of the wife beyond a doubt. He was accordingly telegraphed the fact, and word sent to have the other body brought back. The two bodies are of about the same size, and the description of them agrees in many particulars. The height of the stranger was more than the height of his wife, which added to his suspicions, but he finally overcame them, only to have this new misfortune added to that he was already more than he could bear.

PRESIDENCY OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. We clip the following from a recent number of the New York *Evening Post*:

The frequent rumors of the resignation by John Gregory Smith of the Presidency of the Northern Pacific Railroad have at last been confirmed by the action of that corporation's Board of Directors. Mr. Smith's retirement from the office was induced partly by the condition of his health; principally by the demand upon all his time made by the Vermont Central Railroad combination, of which he is the head. The Directors of the Northern Pacific have accepted Mr. Smith's resignation, and elected as his successor George W. Cass, distinguished in American railroad enterprises, and recently the President of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago line. Mr. Cass will take up his residence permanently in New York, and give his entire time and undivided attention to the Northern Pacific. His name will give the public assurance of a wise and successful management of the great enterprise he has been chosen to preside over.

TO EXPEL FLIES. Dr. Hewson of Philadelphia, says hanging branches of mayweed or wild chamomile in flower, about a room, will expel flies, or even strewing the dried flowers about will answer. Also, partially burn black pepper by putting it on a hot shovel. Throwing a netting over the bed will keep them out, no matter how large the meshes, so long as there is not a window or door behind the bed, so that light can shine directly on it.

Special Notices.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious mucous, purulent, muco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. Is others a dryness, dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will pay $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents. 608

Castoria—A substitute for Castor Oil—is a physic which does not distress or gripe, but is sure to operate when all or her remedies have failed. You may confidently rely upon Castoria in Stomach Aches, Constipation, Flatulency, Croup, Worms, Piles or deranged Liver. It contains neither Minerals, Morphine, Opium nor Alcohol, but is purely a vegetable preparation, perfectly harmless, and above all, pleasant to take. The Castoria soothes and quiets the system, and produces natural sleep. It is a wonderful thing to assimilate the food of children and prevent them from crying. A 35-cent bottle will do the work for a family and save many doctor's bills. 4137

In every Quarter of the Globe where it is known, and there are few indeed where it is not, the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT takes precedence of all similar preparations. Its transcendent merits have obtained for it a popularity seldom reached by any proprietary medicine. In its infancy the flat of its success was pronounced in the wide-spread endorsement which it received from physicians, veterinary surgeo s, horsemen and the public generally. No one now thinks of questioning the claim to be considered the standard liniment of America.

OF the several remedies generally prescribed for the eradication of kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, diabetes, gravel, retention or incontinence of urine, youthful indiscretions, female complaints, and maladies of the *urino-genital organs*, none come up to the standard of SMOLANDER'S BUCHU, which regulates the system and leaves it in a healthy condition.

THOSE skeptical of the virtue of Atwood's QUININE TONIC BITTERS, have but to partake of them, and their doubts will vanish, for they completely cure dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, jaundice, diarrhœa, colic, vertigo, and prostration of the nervous system, and for the last fifteen years have been the Standard Spring Medicine.

Valuable Hints.

A regular habit of body is absolutely essential to physical health and clearness of intellect. Nor is this all. Beauty of person

Poetry.

SINCE YOU AND I WERE YOUNG JOHN!

BY MALISSA.

The times have strangely changed, John.
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one.
Our two wee rooms were sparsely filled;
I smile as I recall
Your wedding coat of homespun blue,
That hung upon the wall—
But then it was the fashion.

The years passed on—you ploughed and hoed,
I churned and baked and spun,
While Johnny played about the yard,
With Ruth, the little one.
Oh, those were happy days' John,
But yes for fancied pain,
We left the dear old homestead
For that small village lane—
For 'twas, you know, the fashion.

The village grew and put on airs,
I would not be behind,
And often did things that I'll own
Were not just to my mind.
But Squire Burnap lived right across,
And rich folks down the street,
The children must do like the rest,
As they would daily meet—
And so I followed the fashion.

Both John and Will soon left our home,
They're money-making men,
Oh, could I have but for one hour
My merry boys again!
Sarah and Ruth—perhaps 'tis best;
They live in style I know,
And yet I wish that style for them
Was not all dress and show,
And running after the fashion.

Eva was married long ago,
Our youngest and my pride—
I heeded not your wishes, John,
But put them all aside—
And toiled, ah, yes, beyond my strength,
That she, my pet, might shine,
A brilliant star among her set;
Alas, this child of mine,
Leaves me now for the fashion,

And Sunday mornings, John you know,
When they were fair and young,
Our children filled the corner pew,
Folks said "how well they sang."
We never dreamed we'd sit alone,
Because far up the street,
The rich and stylish led the way,
And took each highest seat—
Must FAITH yield to the fashion?

Our home is grand, but lonely now;
John, do the children think
That old folks can have other wants
Than clothes and food and drink?
How pleasant if they'd sometimes ask
Their parents out to tea,
With half the smiles they gave to-day
To that weak General B—
But Generals are the fashion.

The times have strangely changed, John,
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one.
We're old and feeble, John, you know,
And to the times must bow,
But one thing I can plainly see—
We should be cared for now,
Could it but be the fashion.

Our Story Teller.

THE MYSTERIOUS GIFT.

At last the watchmaker paused from his task and called us to look at it. It was some kind of registering instrument for the coast survey—a patent on which he greatly prided himself. Seven or eight pendulums were arranged in such a manner that their number corrected the single error of each escapement. Further I do not remember, but only recalled how we marveled at the beautiful steadiness of the movement, and how my wife clapped her hands joyously at the happy end of so much toil and thought.

"It is done," said the watchmaker, rising. "Let us look how the night goes;" for it was a constant custom with him always before going to bed to stand at the door for a little while and look up at the heavens. He said it was to tell what the weather would be, a matter in which he greatly concerned himself, keeping a thermometer in the garden, and noting every day its eccentricities with an interest which no one but my wife ever made believe to share. I followed him to the open door, where he stood leaning against the side post, looking steadily up at the sky. The air was crisp and exciting overhead, thick as snow flakes, the stars twinkled as if they were keeping time to the ticking clocks. Presently my wife comes out, and laying a hand on his arm, stood beside us and drank in the delicious calm of the autumn night, while the lad fidgited under his elbow between them, and got his share of the starlight and the quiet.

"It seems hard to think they are all moving forever and ever," said the boy. "I wonder if they are wound up as often as your clocks, father?"

"It is only a great clock, after all," said Willow, and must stop some of these days, I suppose. Did you ever think of that, little Summer?"

"Will last our time," said my wife.

"Your time!" returned the clockmaker. "Your time is forever, little woman; you may live in the days not of this world, to see the old wonder of it all fade out and perish."

Just then a man stopped in front of us and said, "does Mr. Willow live here?"

"Yes," said I; and as he came toward us we naturally gave way, thinking him some belated customer, and he entered the lighted shop.

Then Willow turned again, and the two men came face to face. The stranger was a man of great height, but spare and delicate. He leaned on a gold-headed cane somewhat feebly, and seemed to me a person of great age. What struck me most, however, was the ease and grace of his bearing, and a certain elegance of manner. The moment Willow set eyes on him he staggered back, reeled a moment, and, catching at a chair, fell against the tall clock over which he had set the figure of Time. "What has brought you here?" he cried hoarsely.

"My son, my boy," said the elder man, in a voice shaken by its passion of tenderness, "can you never, never forget?"

"Forget!" said the other. "I had almost come to that, but, remembering anew, how can I ever forgive! Go!" he cried fiercely, darting forward on a sudden and opening the door. "Go before the madness comes upon me. Go, before I curse you." Then he reeled again, and growing white, fell into a chair, and, as if chocked with emotion, stayed, rigidly pointing to the door.

Then my wife ran forward. "Leave us," she said, "whoever you are. You see how ill he is. You can do him no good. Come again if you will but go away now."

The stranger hesitated and looked in bewilderment from one to another, while the lad, till then silent, opened the door wider and said gently, "Will it please you to go, grand-papa?"

"My boy—his boy!" exclaimed the new comer, patting his curly head. "Now am I indeed punished," he added, for the lad shrunk back with a look of horror quite strange on a face so young; and, suddenly covering his face with both hands, the elder man went by him and passed out into the street without a word. Then the boy hastily shut the door, and we turned to Willow, who had fallen in something like a swoon from his chair. Silently or with whispers we gathered about him, while my wife brought a pillow and some water, and gave him a drink. At last we got him up stairs to our own room, where for some days he lay in a state of feebleness, which seemed to me very strange in one so vigorous but a little while before. On the next morning after his attack he showed some uneasiness, and at length was enabled to bid us take down the painted arms over the fireplace and hide them away; but beyond this he gave no signs of what he had passed through, and by slow degrees got back again very nearly his wonted habits and mode of life.

I need scarcely say that so strange an event could hardly take place in our little household without awakening the curiosity of two people as young and romantic as May and I. Indeed, I greatly fear that the little lady so far yielded to the impulses of her sex as even to question young Willow in a roundabout way; but the lad was plainly enough schooled to silence, and you had only to look at his square, strongly built chin to learn how hopeless it would be to urge him when once his mind was up. He only smiled and put the question by, as a man would have done, and before us, at least, neither father nor son spoke of it again during the next month.

The pleasant, hazy November days came and went, and one evening on my return home I learned that Mr. Willow had suffered from a second attack of faintness, and from my wife I heard that the lad had let fall that his grandfather had called once more, and that the two men had had an ther brief and bitter meeting. The following morning, as I went to my work, I saw the stranger walking to and fro on the far side of the street. Nothing could be more pitiable than his whole look and bearing, because nothing is sadder to see than a man of gentle breeding so worn with some great sorrow as to have become shabby from mere neglect of himself. He peered across the street, looked up at the windows and at the shop, and at last walked feebly away, with now and then a wishful look back again—such a look as I saw once in my life in the great eyes of a huge watch dog, whom we left on the prairie beside the lonely grave of his master.

From this time onward, all through a severe Winter, he haunted the neighborhood, once, again, and only once venturing to speak to the clockmaker, to whom his constant presence where he could hardly fail to see him at times, became a torture which was plainly wearing his life away. Twice, also, he spoke to the boy, and once urged him to take a little package which he supposed might have been money. At last, my anxiety became so great that I spoke to him myself, but was met so coldly, yet with so much courtesy, that I felt little inclined to make the attempt again.

I learned with no great trouble that he lived quietly during this Winter at one of our great hotels, that he seemed to be a man of ample means, and that his name was Tressilian, but beyond this I knew no more. He came, at last, to be a well known figure in our neighborhood, as he wandered sadly about among porters and draymen and the busy bustle of trade. His visits to our house, and his questions about Mr. Willow, were added sources of annoyance to the latter, who rarely failed to look gloomily up and down the street, to make sure of his absence, before he ventured out of doors.

Under this system of watching and worrying, Mr. Willow's attacks grew at last more frequent and as the Spring came on my good wife became, as she said, worked up to that degree that she at last made up her feminine mind, and so one fine morning sallied out, and had her own talk with the cause of our troubles.

I think the good little woman had determined to try if she could reconcile the father and son. She came to me in the evening a good deal crestfallen, and with very little of the blessedness of the peacemaker in her face. While Mr. Willow was out she had sent his son, who was keeping guard in the shop, on an errand, and then had actually brought the stranger into the house, where, refusing to sit down, he had wandered to and fro, talking half coherently at times, and at last urging her to induce his son to speak with him once more. As to their cause of quarrel he was silent. "A lonely, and old man," said my wife. He said he would kneel to his boy, if that would do good, but to go away, to go away and leave him, that he could not do—that he would not do. God would bless her, he was sure; and might he kiss her hand? and so went away at last, sorrow-stricken, but willful to keep to his purpose.

Perhaps my wife's talk may have had its effect, because for a month or two he was absent. Then he came and asked at the door for Willow; who was out; and for a while haunted the street, until late in the Spring, when we saw him no longer.

Meanwhile Willow had become more feeble, and a new trouble had come to our own modest door.

Many years have since gone by, and happier fortunes have been ours —brave sons and fair daughters, and more of this world's gear than perhaps is good for us to leave them—but to this day I remember with discomfort that luckless evening. I hastened home with the news to my wife, and what news to two trustful young folks who had married against the will of their elders, and had seen, as yet, no cause to regret their waywardness!

"May," said I—and I can recall how lull my throat felt as I spoke—"May, I—I am thrown out of work. The company is lessening its staff, and I am to leave to-morrow."

I thought the little woman would have been crushed, but, on the contrary, it was I, who meant to comfort her, who was the beaten one.

"Well, Harry," said she, in a cheery way, "I did not suppose it would last."

Man though I was, I sat down and covered my face with my hands. We were very young, and very, very poor. I had been offered not long before, a place in the West, but our little treasury was very low, and to secure the position with a probable future of success, required some hundreds of dollars, so we had not dared to give it another thought; and now, at last, what were we to do?

"Do!" said May. "Why—But kiss me Harry, you haven't kissed me since you came in." I kissed her rather dolefully I fear. "We can't live on kisses," said I.

"Not as a steady diet," she replied, laughing. "Perhaps this may have some good news for us," and so saying she handed me a letter.

I opened it absently and glanced over it in haste. "Misfortunes never come single, May," said I.

"No, my darling," she answered, laughing; "they only come to married people, to make them good girls and boys, I suppose. What is it you grumpy old man?"

I read it aloud. It was a request—and a rather crusty one, too,—from a bachelder cousin, to return to him a small sum which he had lent us when we were married. He had met with certain losses which made it needful that he should be repaid at once.

"Any more letters, May?" said I, ruefully.

"Nonsense!" said she. "Let us think about it to-morrow."

"What good will sleeping on it do?" I replied. "Do you expect to dream a fortune?"

"I have dreamed a good many," she said, "in my time, and all for you, you ungrateful fellow. Now suppose."

"Well, suppose what," said I, crossly.

"Suppose," she returned, "suppose we two laugh a little."

That woman would have laughed at anything, or with anybody.

"I can't laugh, May," said I. "We are in rather a serious scrape, I assure you."

"Scrape!" said she. "Old age is a scrape, but at twenty-two all the good things of time are before us; and—and God, my darling, has He not been very, very good to us two sparrows?"

"But, May," said I, "It is not myself I think of, it is—"

"Me, I suppose—me. Do you know how rich I am, Harry? It seems to me I never can be poor. There's first your love—that is twenty thousand dollars; then there is that dear old bearded face of yours—that is ten thousand more; then there is all the rest of you—that's ever so much more; and then there are my Spanish castles—"

"May, May," said I, "if castles in Spain would aid us, I would gladly enough help you to build them; but for my part—"

"For my part," she broke in, "castles in Spain do help me. They help me to get over the shock of this horrid bother, and to gain a little time to steady myself. Indeed, I think if I were to draw a big check on the Rothschild at this very moment, it would ease me a bit. It would ease me, you see, even if they did not pay it."

"May, May!" said I, reproachfully.

"Now, Harry," she cried, laughing, "I must laugh and have my nonsense out. I can't cry, even for you. Let us go out and have a good long walk, and to-morrow talk over this trouble. We shall live to smile at the fuss we have made about it. So change your coat and come with me; I was just dressing to go out to meet you."

"Well, May,', I said, "if only—"

"If—fiddlesticks!" she cried, putting her hand over my mouth and pushing me away. "Hurry, or we shall be left."

I don't often resist the little lady, and so I went as she bid me, and by-and-by coming back, there was May laughing and making absurdly merry over a bit of paper on the desk before her, I leaned over her shoulder and said, "What is it, sweet-heart?"

"Riches," said she.

"Nonsense!" said I.

"What a relapse!" cried the wife. "So you despise gold, do you!" See what I have been doing for you while you have been idling in the next room."

"What is it?" said I, laughing, for not to laugh when she laughed was simply out of the question.

She gave me the paper, and I read just this pretty stuff:

"The bank of Spain, please pay to Bearer (who, the benevolent bank should know, is out of place and out of humor, and owes money not of Spain) One thousand dollars.

$1000. THE BEST OF WIVES."

We left the order and the wretched letter on the desk, and went merrily down stairs, full once more of hope and faith, comforted somehow by so little a thing as this jest of hers. I made, as I remember, a feeble effort to be plunged in my new griefs, but my May rattled on so cheerfully, and the laugh and the smile were so honest and wholesome, that good humor could no more fail to grow in their company than a rose refuse to prosper in the warm, sweet suns of June. I have loved that woman long, and greatly loved her afresh for the good and tender thing I have seen her do; but it was on the Summer evening of our trouble I first learned that I could love her more, and that truly to love is but to grow in all knowledge of such courage and winning sweetness, and gallant, cheery, endurance, as she showed me then; just as it were for a little glimpse of the gracious largeness of this amazing blessing which had fallen into my poor lap and life.

That warm June afternoon was filled full for me of those delightful pictures which I have told you have hung, with others more or less faded, in the great gallery of art which adorns my Spanish castle. There are bits by a rare artist of the long-gone gables and hip roofs and half doors which used to make old Swanson Street picturesque. There is one little group of boys just loosed from school, ruddy and jolly, around a pea-nut stand, alike eager and penniless, while behind them my May—reckless impudent May!—is holding up a dime to the old woman, and laughing at the greedy joy that is coming on a sudden over the urchins' faces as the nuts become a possible possession.

We were great walkers in those days, and as we walked, and the houses and poor suburbs were left behind, and we gained the open roads which run wildly crooked across the Neck, it was pleasant to feel that we had escaped from the tyranny of right angles. It was the first time we had gone south of the city, and we found there, as you may find to-day, the only landscape near us which has in it something quite its own, and which is not elsewhere to be seen near to any great city in all our broad country. It has helped me to one or two landscapes by Dutch artists, which will fetch a great price if ever my heirs shall sell the Spanish castle.

Wide, level, grassy meadows, bounded by two noble rivers, kept back by miles of dykes; formal little canals, which replace the fences, and leave an open view of lowing cattle; long lines of tufted pollard willows, shock-headed, sturdy fellows; and here and there a low-walled cottage, with gleaming milk-cans on the whitewashed garden paling; and, between, glimpses of red poppies, tulips and the like, while far away in the distance tall, snowy sails of hidden hulks of ships and schooners move slowly to and fro upon the unseen rivers.

Charming we found it, with a lowland beauty all its own, lacking but a wind-mill here and there to make it perfect of its kind. Along its heaped-up roads we wandered all that Summer afternoon, until the level sun gleamed yellow on the long wayside ditches, with their armies of cat-tails and spatterdocks and tiny duckweed; and at last, the frogs came out, both big and small, and said or sung odd bits of half-human language, which it pleased the little woman to convert in absurd pieces of advice to doleful young folks such as we. She would have me pause and listen to one solemn old fellow who said, I am sure. "Good luck! good luck!" and to another sturdy brown-backed preacher, who bade us "Keep up! keep up!" with a grim solemness of purpose most comforting to hear. Then we stopped at a cottage and saw the cows milked, which seemed so like home that the tears came into my eyes; and at last we had a bowl of sweet-smelling milk, and then turned homeward again, the smoke of my pipe curling upward in the still, cool, evening air.

It was long after dark when we reached home. As we went up the side stair which opened on the street by a door of its own, I put my head into the shop and bade Mr. Willow good-night. He was seated at his bench studying the strange swing of the many pendulums of his new instrument, but in place of the pleased look which the view of his completed task usually brought upon his face, it was sad and weary, and he merely turned his head a moment to answer my salute. On the stairs we met Phœbe, who was greatly troubled, and told us that a little while before dusk, Mr. Willow and his son being out, the stranger had called, and asking for my wife—for the little lady, as he called her—had pushed by the maid and gone up stairs, saying that he would wait to see her. Phœbe, alarmed at his wild manner, had kept watch at our door until her master came back. Then she had heard in our room, where the son and father met, fierce and angry words, after which the old man had gone away and the clockmaker had retired to his shop. All that evening we sat in the darkness of our room alone, thinking it best not to disturb Mr. Willow and his lad, who were by themselves in the shop. About ten the boy came up, bade us good-night, and soon after we ourselves went, somewhat tired to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and as usual we slept rather later than common. After dressing I went into the back room, and, throwing up the window, stood still to breathe the freshness of the time. The pigeons were coquetting on the opposite gables and housetops, and below me, in the garden, the rare breezes which had lost their way in the city were swinging the roses and jessamines like censers, till their mingled odors made rich the morning air.

Suddenly I heard a cry of surprise, and turning saw my May, prettier and fresher than any roses in her neat white morning-dress. Her face was full of wonder, and she held in her hands the papers we had left on the table the night before.

"What is it now, May," said I.

"Look!" she said, holding up her draft on the bank of Spain.

Beneath it was written in a bold and flowing hand, "Paid by the bank of Spain," and pinned fast to the paper was a banknote for—I could hardly credit my eyes—one thousand dollars. We looked at one another for a moment, speechless. Then my May burst into tears and laid her head on my shoulder. I cannot understand why she cried, but that was just what this odd little woman did. She cried and laughed by turns, and would not be stilled, saying, "Oh, Harry, don't you see I was right? God has been good to us this Sabbath morning."

At last I took her in my arms, and tried to make her see that the money was not ours, but then the little lady was outraged. She called Phœbe, and questioned her and young Willow in vain. Neither knew anything of the matter, and my own notion as to its having been a freak of the English stranger she utterly refused to listen to.

It was vast wealth to us needy young people, this thousand dollars, and as it lay there on the table, it seemed to me at times unreal, or as if it might be the dreadful fulfillment of a dream, soon to vanish and be gone. My wife must also have had some such fancy, for she was all the time running backward and forward, now handling the note, and now turning to cry out her gratitude and thankfulness upon my breast.

To this day we know not whence it came, but as Willow's father was plainly a man of wealth, and as he had spoken in words of strange feeling to my wife of the little service she had tried to render him, I came at last to believe that the gift was his. At all events we heard no more of the giver, whoever he may have been. I trust that he has been the better and happier for all the kind and pleasant things my wife has said to him, and for the earnest prayers she said that night.

While we were still talking of the strange gift, young Willow suddenly returned, and, after waiting a moment, found a chance to tell us that his father's room was empty, and to ask if we knew where he could be. I felt at once a sense of alarm, and ran up stairs into Mr. Willow's chamber. The bed had not been slept in. Then I went hastily down to the shop, followed by my wife and the lad. On opening the door, the first thing which struck me was that the clocks were silent, and I missed their accustomed ticking. This once, for years, they had not been wound up on Saturday night, as was the clock-maker's habit. I turned to his work-bench. He was seated in front of it, his head on his hands, watching the pendulums of his machine, which were swinging merrily. "Mr. Willow," said I, placing a hand on his shoulder, "are you sick?" He made no answer.

"Why don't he speak?" said May, with a scared face.

"He will never speak again, my darling," I replied. "He is dead!"

I have little to add to this simple story. On inquiry, I found that the stanger had left the city. No claimant came for our money, and so, after a little, having buried Mr. Willow in the old Swedes' churchyard, we went away with his son to the West. The lad told us, then, that it was his father's desire, that on his death he should take his true name. An evil fate went with it, and, to-day young Tressilian lies in a soldier's nameless grave, beneath the giant shadows of Lookout Mountain—one more sweet and honest life given for the land he had learned to love and honor.

A Modern Ravenswood.

It is recently reported that a little church in Iowa, at a place called Tete des Morts, was lately the scene of an interruption of the nuptial ceremony, which recalls to mind the apparition of the saturnine master of Ravenswood, or Claude Melnotte, as he came back from the wars. The uproar created by it appears to have been intense. The passage in the ritual had been reached, where any who has aught to say against the proceeding should "now speak or forever after hold his peace," when a gentleman rose in the church and forbade the marriage. He proceeded, amid extraordinary excitement, to set forth the "just cause or impediment" which, in his view, rendered the proposed union inadmissible. The lady it appears, had been previously engaged to himself, in proof of which, the jilted one forthwith began to read in a loud voice some of her love letters which he drew from his pocket, and which were couched in a strain of extraordinary warmth and eloquence. On this, the friends of the bride, naturally averse to publicity being given to her gushing effusions, set up an indignant outcry, and tried to silence the reader. His friends, on the other hand, stood by him and insisted he should go on. A violent altercation ensued, which the clergyman vainly sought to suppress, and at last the church became, what a Dubuque paper calls "a perfect pandemoneum" of shouting and recrimination. With infinite difficulty, the combatants were got out of the sacred edifice, only to continue the row in the church yard; but the main object of the interruption was, at all events, secured, for the marriage was stopped, and is now said to be indefinitely postponed.

One of the arguments of the original and remonstrating lover was so peculiar as to be not unworthy of special comment. He declared that he had built a house for his false one's father, on which the latter had never paid him any money. The reason assigned by the parent was unconcealed, and, indeed, freely expressed by him in the community, and was no other than that the young builder was "running" with his daughter. Houses constructed under such circumstances, the father held, were excepted from ordinary business rules, and established as such by unwritten laws of social comity. The amorous architect, for his part, had not been unwilling tacitly to accept this view of the situation, but considered that such compliances established a lien on the virgin of his heart, which in honor could not be shaken off. Still further, to complicate the affair, the lady subsequently protested, like Lucy Ashton, that the "hated nuptials," so summarily interrupted, were forced upon her, and implied her willingness to resume her engagement with her first lover. Should she do so, and should the ensuing marriage not be broken in upon by her second adorer, after the fashion of the first, a happy and romantic termination may be attained by a story which will forcibly attest the advantage in critical moments of determined audacity.

Miscellany.

The Dark day in New England, In 1780.

On the 19th of May 1780, the inhabitants of New England and the adjacent parts were the trembling witnesses of a phenomenon never seen before nor since, and which to this day remains unexplained. The year was celebrated for its numerous auroral exhibitions in this latitude. They covered the midnight heavens with corruscations of red and silver, and streamed out like lightning, seeming, says one writer, fairly to flash warmth in the face. The winter preceding was marked by extraordinary severity. Snow lay on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of April. In December and January a storm continued for seven successive days, and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level in this single storm, and with drifts eight and ten feet high. Sheep were buried in the drifts for many days, and even men and animals perished with the cold. Long Island Sound was crossed by heavy artillery on the ice. Narragansett Bay froze over so hard that men traversed the ice from Providence to Newport in skating parties, and from Fall River to Newport loads of wood were conveyed on the ice through Bristol ferry.

Previous to the 19th a vapor filled the air for several days. There was a smell of sulphur. The morning of the 19th was overcast with some clouds, and rain fell over the country, with lighting and thunder. Scarcely any motion was in the air, what wind there was came from the southwest. By nine o'clock in the forenoon, without previous warning, the darkness stole gradually on, with a luminous appearance near the horizon, as if the obscuring cloud had dropped down from overhead. There was a yellowness of the atmosphere that made clear silver assume a grass green hue. Then a dense, undefinable vapor settled rapidly and without aerial movement over all the land and ocean from Pennsylvania to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the darkness it caused sinking by degrees until the sunlight was effectually shut out. Ordinary cloud it was not. The rapidity with which so large an extent of country was enveloped precludes the possibility of supposing this to have been a natural cloud moving laterally. Besides this, the day was too calm to imagine such a thing. Down came the darkness thicker and thicker. By ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom. The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; the lurid look increased; few, if any, ordinary clouds were visible. The sun, in disappearing, took on a brassy hue. The lurid, brassy color spread everywhere, above and below. The grass assumed the color of the sky, and all out doors wore a sickly, weird and melancholy aspect,—a dusky appearance as if seen through a smoked glass. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until three in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful.

The extent of the darkness was greater than is related of any other similar phenomenon on record, not excepting the celebrated dark days over Egypt and Judea. It reached south to the northern half of Pennsylvania, and from thence along the coast northeast to the wilds of Maine, eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out at sea 120 miles southeast of Boston, and undoubtedly much farther; west to the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, and north into undefined regions in Canada. Portland, Boston, Hartford, New York, West Point and Albany were affected by it. But the degrees of darkness differed in different places, the deepest night settling over New England.—A tract of land and sea 800 miles in length and 100 miles in breadth, embracing an area of 320,000 square miles, was known to be covered by the cloud, and so far as can be ascertained, a population of 700,000 souls sat for a portion of the day and in a gloom more or less profound and inexplicable.

Just how dark the day was, is attested by indisputable evidence. The hour and minute could not be discovered on the face of a clock or watch by persons of unimpaired eyesight. Candles became an absolute necessity both out door and in, as it was impossible to transact ordinary business without them. Fires on the hearthstone shone as brightly as on a moonless November evening, and all dinner-tables were set with lighted candles upon them as if it were the evening repast. The keenest eyes in doors could not see to read the common print. So far beyond any ordinary fog was the effect, that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours, or carried candles or lanterns to enable the perplexed driver to well see his way.

And the brute and feathered creation seemed puzzled and agitated. The birds ceased to fly, and hid themselves in the branches of the trees. As the darkness increased they sang their evening songs as they do at twilight, and then became silent. Pigeons on the wing took to the shelter of the forest as they do at night. The whip-poor-will, as if it were truly night, cheerfully sang his song through the gloomy hours. Woodcocks, which are night birds, whistled as they only do in the night time. Bats came out of their hiding places and flew about. The fowls marched solemnly to their roosts as they do only at nightfall, and, after cackling for a while over the mystery of so short a day, became still. Cocks crowed as is their custom at nightly intervals and the early breaking of days. Frogs peeped their evening concert, and dogs whined or howled and ran away as on the approach of an earthquake. The herds of cattle on New England's thousand hills, sought the shelter of the shed or barnyard, lowing as they came to the gate, and sheep huddled around the circle with their heads inward—the invariable token of apprehended danger.

On the human family the effect was still more curious and terrifying. The mechanic left his tools in the shop, the farmer his plow in the furrow, and each moved in silent and marveling mood toward the barn or dwelling. On the home threshold they were met by pale and anxious women, who tremblingly inquired, "What is coming?" The alarmed traveller, seeking the sympathy of his fellow man as one impressed with a sense of impending peril, put up at the nearest house, and mingled his anxious questionings and forbodings with those of the family. Strong men met and spoke with surprise on their countenances, and little children peered timidly into the deepening gloom, and then sought the sheltering parental arms. Schools broke up in affright, and the wondering pupils scampered homeward with many expressions of childish fear. The inevitable candle shone out of the windows of all dwellings —every countenance gathered blackness—all hearts were filled with fear of an approaching, unparalleled storm, or the occurence of a terrestrial convulsion; but it was not the blackness of the storm-cloud, such as sometimes, with frightful agitation, breaks over a single city; it was the silent spreading of the pall-cloth over the earth by strong, invisible hands. Many anecdotes of terror are related. In Boston, from the hours of 11 or 1 to 3 o'clock, business was generally suspended and shops were closed. At Groton, a court was in session in a meeting house full of large windows, as was the old style of houses of worship; but at half-past eleven all faces began to wear a somber hue, whereupon magistrate and people followed suit with all New England, and called for lighted candles. Connecticut went totally under. The journal of her House of Representatives puts on record the fact that "None could see to read or write in the House, or even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or preceive any distinction of dress, &c., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the House till two o'clock in the afternoon." Amid the deepening gloom that wrapped about the city, darkened the rooms of the State House, and set the lawgivers trembling with the apprehension that the day of Judgment was at hand, when the motion for adjournment was made, Col. Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford, Conn., and State Councillor in the Legislative Chamber at Hartford, said: "I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought."

The darkness of the day having been succeeded an hour or two before evening by a partially clear sky, and the shining of the sun still ob-cured by the black and vapory mist, this interval was followed by a return of the obscuration with greater density, that rendered the first half of the night hideously dark beyond all former experience of probably a million of people who saw it.

A Mississippi River Story.

A couple of flatboat men on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first-class dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine bill uppermost. "Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to." So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total $584, "Wh—ew, Bill!" said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we goin' to do about it?" "We can't pay that," said Bill; "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out of the window and put!" "No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do sich a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

Almost a Robbery.

Saturday night as the train from Indianapolis stopped for a minute at one of the stations near Brazil, a man came hurriedly into the car, passed down the aisle until he recognized the gentleman for whom he was looking (a well known capitalist from Pennsylvania, who has recently been making extensive investments in coal, etc., in this vicinity), stopped, and in an earnest manner imparted some news which seemed to be of great importance. Hastily turning to his wife, who was sitting on the seat beside him, the gentleman explained that it would be necessary for him to step off, but she could go on to Terre Haute, and he would follow as soon as possible. As he was leaving the car a thought seemed to strike him, and turning back he handed his wife what appeared to be a small package of money, whispering, at the same time, a word of caution about being careful with it.

The persons in the neighborhood of the seat had been interested spectators of the occurrence. Two of them sat in the seat behind. One was a stout man, with crape on his hat; the other apparently his son. The third was a small wiry looking man with a smooth shaven face and a remarkably piercing pair of small grey eyes. He sat on the opposite side of the car, a little in the rear of the others. The first two, with heads together, engaged in close conversation in a low tone, and shot frequent glances at the lady in front, who seemed to be the object of the discussion. The small man seemed to go to sleep. When the train stopped at Terre Haute the lady entered an omnibus, with other passengers, the father and son climbed to the top of the same vehicle, and the small quiet man stood outside on the steps. At the hotel, the lady was shown to a room, but the servant had scarcely left when there was a knock on the door. Opening it cautiously a young man, bare-headed and with a pen behind his ear, begged her pardon, but he was "the clerk," and if she had any money or valuables about her it would be better to have them locked up in the safe, and he would take charge of them for her and deliver them at the office. Hesitating a moment, and remembering her husband's parting caution, she replied that she would rather entrust them to the landlord, if he would have the goodness to come up. "Certainly," said the obliging clerk, and he posted down the hall to where the stout man with the crape on his hat was waiting. Another knock on the door and "the landlord" was announced, and the plethoric package of currency was placed in his hand with the profound gratitude of the lady at being relieved of such a responsibility. The door was shut and locked, and the precious pair of rascals made their joyful way down stairs. At the foot of the stairs walking placidly back and forth, his hands behind him, and his eyes half-closed, was the small, wiry stranger of the cars. They were walking unhesitatingly by him, and had almost reached the street, when he looked up, seeming to notice them for the first time, and spoke to the elder of the two. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but haven't I seen you before?"

"I think not," was the short decisive answer.

"Hold on," said the small man pleadingly; "haven't I met you in Chicago?"

There was something of anxiety in his tone as the other answered that he had never been in Chicago.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I really do. I was sure I had seen you there," and he looked distressed. "But will you have the kindness to walk into the hall here a minute—and you too," as the young man was sliding out of the door, "I have a word to say to you, just a word."

"Who are you?" jerked out the stout man with a mourning hat, beginning to tremble. "I want to know what business you have stopping me in this way."

"I am——," said the small man, whispering the name of a well known Chicago detective in his ear, "and I want that lady's money, and I'll put it in the safe where you promised to put it for her. Do you understand?"

The package was handed over without a word. "Now look here, you fellows must get out of this town instanter. I don't want you now. I'm after other game, but don't let me find you here to-morrow morning—do you hear? Now git." And they got. And next morning the lady found her money in the safe, and does not know yet that she was robbed.

Murdered for Shooting a Dog.

The following is from the last issue of the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

On Saturday night last a man named Jefferson White shot and killed Henry Houltz, who was part owner of a thresher at work on White's farm. White had killed Houltz's dog some time ago, and had said if Houltz came in his way he would kill him. They had some words while at work, when White jumped on his horse, and rode to the house, a quarter of a mile, got his gun, and discharged the load of birdshot with which it was loaded, and loaded it again with buckshot, and rode back. In the meantime Houltz had been persuaded by the other men to leave the premises. He had got into the highway, and was in the act of mounting his horse to go home when White reached him, and shot him in the abdomen, the gun being near enough to scorch his clothes. Houltz lived but a very few moments. Houltz was much respected in the neighborhood in which he lived, and was a sober, industrious, and upright man. He had been married but a year. His wife was prostrated by the news, and on Monday morning she gave birth to twins both of which were dead. She died last night

After the shooting of Houltz, White came to town, went to the hotel, and ate his supper then to see a lawyer, and then to the Sheriff, and gave himself up. Yesterday he requested the Sheriff to have the jail guarded, fearing that Judge Lynch might take hold of his case. All day long there were small groups of men congregated on the street corners and in the Court House yard, and the only topic was, will White be hung?

About 9 o'clock a man came into town bringing word that from 200 to 500 men were at East Fork bridge, some two miles and a half north of Olney. The Sheriff detailed six men to help him, but it was no use. The mob came in about 1 o'clock A. M., proceeded at once to the jail, and demanded the prisoner. The Sheriff refused, and said he would shoot the first man who attempted to get inside the jail. The crowd still demanded the murderer, and the Sheriff still insisted that they should not have him. About a dozen stepped back and procured a large log of wood, and burst in the outside door, when the crowd rushed in, and in a twinkling they brought out the prisoner. He cried murder and begged for mercy. They tied his hands behind him, and his legs together, and dragged him down stairs, and put him in a wagon, as it was their intention to take him to the country, on account of not wishing to scare the women and children if he was left hanging in town till morning. But at last they took him across the street to the Court House yard, and threw the end of the rope over a limb, and after asking him if he had anything to say, and receiving his negative answer they hauled him up and secured the rope around the tree. After they found he was dead, the crowd dispersed without any noise whatever. The body was cut down about 2:30, and taken into the Court House, where an inquest was held the next morning. It not being satisfactory, another was held in the afternoon.

How to Carve.

Although it is a daily duty for many men and women to cut up meat for a family, there are multitudes who do it neither well nor wisely. The following suggestions from the National *Agriculturist*, on the point, may not be out of place especially to young housekeepers:

To carve fowls, (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost,) place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the "merry thought,[']" cut slices from the breast take out the collar-bone, cut off the side-pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey.

In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next you, (it must be put in the dish with the tenderloin underneath,) then turn it up and cut from the tenderloin. Help the guests to both kinds.

In carving a leg of mutton or a ham, begin by cutting across the middle to the bone. Cut a tongue across and not lengthwise, and help from the middle part.

Carve a forequarter of a lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs.

To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton in the same way.

To carve a fillet of veal, begin to the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred.

In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it, and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many the head is revolting. Cut off the ribs and divide them.

In carving venison, make a deep incision down to the bone to let out the juices, and turn the broad end towards you, cutting deep in thin slices.

For a saddle of venison, cut from the tail towards the other end, on each side, in thin slicks. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meats.

☞ "Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

Our Young Folks' Column.

THE EVENING STORY.

No, we are not sleepy, mother,
See how wide-awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we'll remember
Every single word you've said.

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet babe
That had come that night from heaven.

"Now please tell us just another,
Tell the saddest one you know"—
And I told of One who suffered,
As he wandered to and fro:

Doing good to all around him,
Without fear, or sin, or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used him,
For whose sake at last he died.

"Now, *please*, just *one* more, dear mother,
Tell us now the strangest one"—
So I told them of a journey
On a mountain-top begun;

Through the azure, in a body,
Just as here on earth he trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels,
To the very throne of God.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done